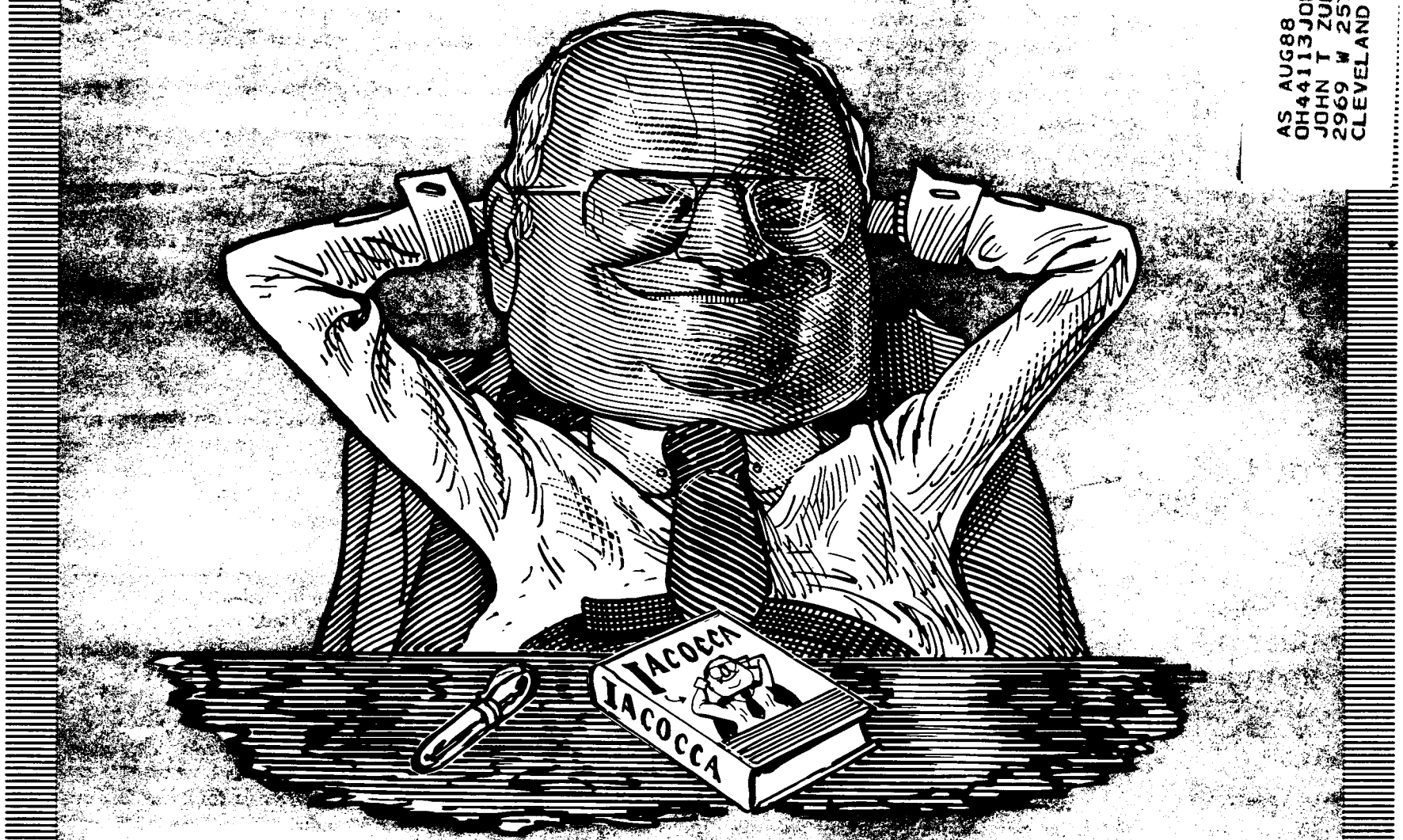
Joseph Shattan
No More Vietnams

Kent Owen
Indiana's Bloody Eighth

VOL. 18 MAY 1985 NO. 5

William Tucker: Live from the Martinique

Roger Starr: The Unmaking of Manufacturing



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A MONTHLY REVIEW
EDITED BY R. EMMETT TYRRELL, JR.
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Dr. Russell Kirk, author of *The Conservative Mind from Burke to Eliot* and winner of the 1984 Ingersoll Award, will be teaching "The Conservative Mind: Ancient and Modern" (undergraduate or graduate credit) at the University of Colorado, Boulder, Colorado during Summer Session B, July 15 to August 16, 1985. For information on Dr. Kirk's course and other Classics Department summer offerings, please write:

Dept. of Classics
Campus Box 248
University of Colorado
Boulder, CO
80309

CORRESPONDENCE

Protecting Free Trade

I read with amusement Anthony Harrigan's tirade against what he seems to imagine is our own "free trade" policy in the United States ("Free Trade's Costs," *TAS*, February 1985). Mr. Harrigan has been arguing for several years now that unless we band together to keep out dreaded imported goods, we will all be relegated to flipping hamburgers for our colonial masters from Europe, Brazil, and the Far East.

The economic sins he commits are many (more than can be discussed in this letter), so I'll only dwell on those that are most obvious.

First, and foremost, Mr. Harrigan writes as though the U.S. really does have a free trade policy. In Mr. Harrigan's world, there are no automobile import quotas, no restrictions on foreign steel, no tariffs, no subsidies for farmers, no Export-Import Bank, and no World Bank loans to Third World nations to enable them to buy our products. His scenario of America is one of a nation awash in the products of the Yellow Peril with unemployed, starving people clicking snapshots of one another with Nikons. A grim world, indeed.

Of course, anyone who has dealt in any form of international trade either as an exporter or importer knows this nation does not follow a policy of laissez-faire. Government aids some—of course, at the expense of others. Mr. Harrigan represents a group that fancies itself as an other and wishes desperately to be a some. My economic studies called that behavior rent-seeking; no doubt Mr. Harrigan sees it as patriotism.

Second, Mr. Harrigan fancies government intervention in the economy to be a costless entity. He seems to be telling us that bureaucratic intervention overseas has enabled countries to raise their standard of living, a line that is akin to any statement released from Socialist International. Therefore, according to him, the subsidies and other attention paid by the Japanese Government to favored Japanese industries have no negative impact on the rest of the Japanese economy. In short, intervention means that everyone benefits, and no one pays the piper. Experience, however, has taught us differently. For example, the vast subsidies given to British Steel have helped to drain the British economy, not help it. The same can be said for state-owned or controlled enterprises in any country of the world.

In closing, Mr. Harrigan quotes a Chrysler official who calls for dumping Japanese cameras in our harbors, likening it to a modern-day Boston Tea Party. Any person versed in American History will remember that the Boston Tea Party did not occur because the English were shipping low-cost, high-quality tea to the colonies. Rather, the Tea Party happened in reaction to the British government's attempt to force American colonists to buy their higher-cost, lower-quality tea. A more accurate re-creation of the Boston Tea Party would be that of a mob of American car buyers throwing a few Chryslers into the harbor.

—Bill Anderson
Chattanooga, Tennessee

Tony Harrigan's outburst on "Free Trade's Costs" in the February issue is painful to witness. It is the kind of article that is hardest of all to come to grips with, because there is so much that is wrong, even at the most elementary level, that it exhausts a critic to undertake a serious and complete analysis.

The heart of the piece is the thesis that less expensive foreign goods are really more expensive, because they involve the "hidden price" of the "loss of industrial jobs." Now this surely can't be true in every possible case. There must be *some* goods that would be better gotten in foreign trade, and presumably we would determine them on the basis of just how much extra benefit we get, aside from product, from the "lost jobs." But try to grope around for a better idea of what that is, and you come up with empty hands. The jobs that are lost are lost simply because society has to put more into them than it gets out in product, when compared to the foreign alternative. The plea for protection is a plea to continue subsidizing the illusion that we get some kind of benefit from having a steel mill or an auto assembly line aside from the tangible products that are sold to the consumers. The consumers apparently can't see that benefit, and the protectionists have yet to come up with a coherent statement of where to look for it. The vague idea that we can't *all* be employed in service industries, even if true, doesn't tell us where to draw the line short of that.

It is possible that some short-term disruptions from imports are worth tempering. Through such programs as unemployment insurance, we do this for domestic market disruptions, and it is conceivable that something somewhat different is appropriate for shocks arising from the international sector. But this has nothing to do with permanent protectionism, which attacks the good part of the deal—the cheap imports—instead of dealing with the unfortunate side effects.

Mr. Harrigan suggests that "all that is needed" is an "alternative trade policy" that would limit imports subsidized by foreign states. But if those subsidies are paid by foreign taxpayers, it is hard to see why we should object to them, provided that we in effect use some of the gain to care humanely for the disruptions that would be caused for the relatively brief time that the foreigners can afford to be foolish on any large scale. If, as Mr. Harrigan further suggests, these subsidies can continue indefinitely because they are paid by IMF and World Bank resources derived from the U.S. taxpayer, then the evident solution is to withdraw the subsidies to those institutions. To do anything else is to conspire in criss-crossing the skies with dollars. The result would be that you spend a lot of money, have little effect on your original problems, and generate a plethora of new ones.

We would do well to remember Milton Friedman's point: The plea for protectionism is made by the vocal few who are individually heavily benefited, while the smaller individual losses of the vast majority, overwhelming in the aggregate, are silent and hence left out of the calculation. Public deliberations on meeting import competition should not ignore them.

—Louis C. Gasper, Ph.D.
Executive Assistant to the President
The Government National Mortgage Association
U.S. Department of Housing and Urban Development
Washington, D.C.

Anthony Harrigan's diatribe against free trade and free traders begins by quoting Disraeli's observation: "Free trade is not a rule; it is an expedient. . . . Protection is not a rule; it is an expedient."

That is a view that all protectionists can endorse because it is so easy to make a case for protecting this or that industry from the ravages of competing imports. The visible losses to the affected producers can always be identified and these producers can easily organize and lobby for protection. On the other hand, the costs of protection to everyone else, though even greater in magnitude, are much more difficult to

(continued on page 45)

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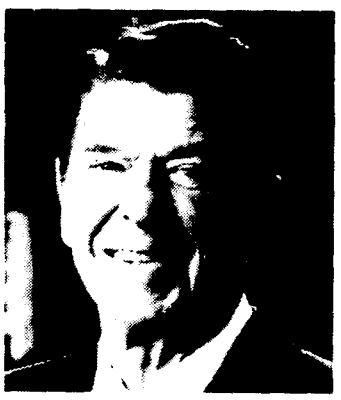
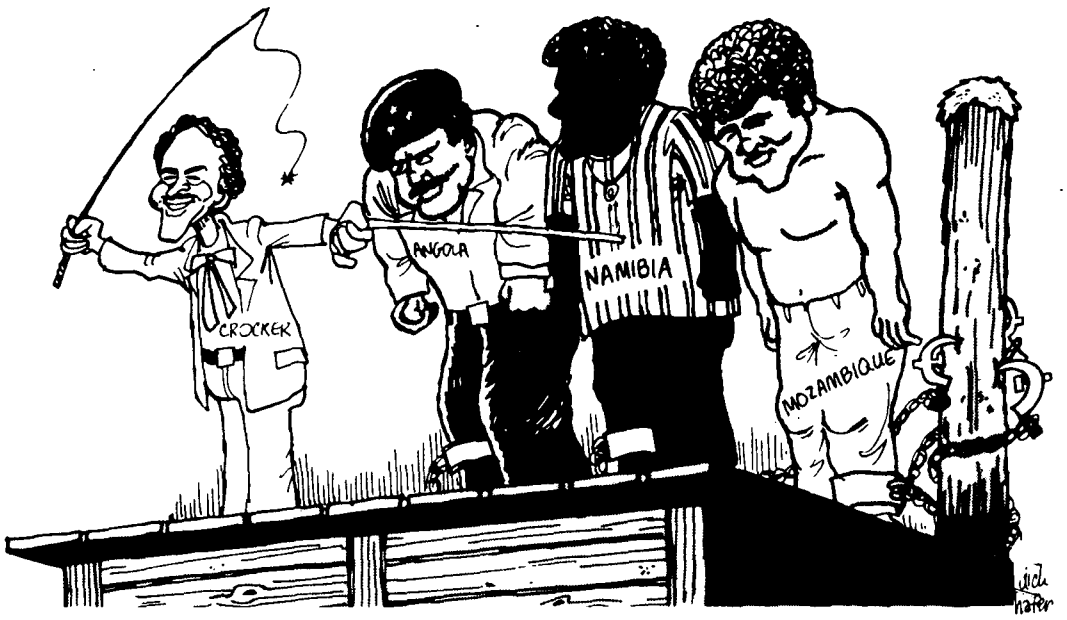


MR. PRESIDENT:



WHY IS CHESTER CROCKER TRYING TO SELL 20 MILLION BLACK AFRICANS INTO COMMUNIST SLAVERY?

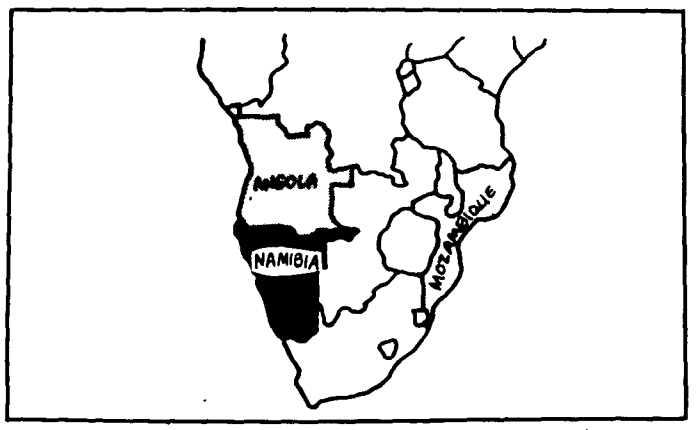
When you accepted the Republican Party's nomination for a second term in Dallas on August 23, you proudly declared that "since January 20, 1981, not one inch of soil has fallen to the Communists."

Indeed, your courageous liberation of Grenada from Marxist tyranny was the finest hour of your Administration.

Unfortunately, not all of your appointees comprehend the evil threat of Communism as you do.

Your Assistant Secretary of State for African Affairs, Chester Crocker, is actively pursuing a policy the consequences of which are likely to include:

- The consolidation of a Marxist-Leninist dictatorship in Mozambique, where the courageous "Renamo" Freedom Fighters had been moving ever closer to toppling the pro-Soviet regime of Samora Machel and replacing it with a pro-Western democracy.
- Undercutting Jonas Savimbi and his anti-Communist UNITA Freedom Fighters, who are just months away from defeating the Soviet-Cuban supported tyranny of the Marxist-Leninist MPLA in Angola.
- Installing the pro-Soviet terrorist organization SWAPO through a Soviet-manipulated United Nations "one man, one vote, one time" election in mineral rich Namibia. Instead, we should encourage independence under the leadership of one of the indigenous political movements which participate in the democratic, pro-American Multi-Party Conference.



Before it is too late, Mr. President, ask Chester Crocker:

(1) Why are we not seeking free elections in Communist Angola?

(2) Why did the Export-Import Bank increase U.S. credits and loan guarantees for Communist Angola from $14 million in 1982 to $82.6 million in 1983 and to $92.9 million in 1984?

(3) Why is Chester Crocker pressuring South Africa to withdraw military and humanitarian support from Jonas Savimbi's anti-Communist Freedom Fighters, just when they seem to be on the verge of defeating the Communist Angola government, its 45,000 Cuban surrogates, and several thousand advisers from the Soviet Union, North Korea, Bulgaria, and East Germany?

(4) Why is the State Department unwilling to extend humanitarian aid to drought-ridden anti-Communist Namibia, at the same time we are pouring tens of millions in assistance to Soviet puppet governments in Ethiopia, Mozambique, and Angola?

(5) Why did Chester Crocker pressure South Africa to switch sides in Mozambique, away from the pro-Western Mozambiquan National Resistance (Renamo) just as they had extended their winning campaign against the corrupt Marxist-Leninist tyranny of Samora Machel to all of Mozambique's ten provinces?

(6) Why are your State Department appointees continuing Andrew Young's dangerous policy of insisting on UN-supervised elections in Namibia which will favor the Marxist-Leninist SWAPO terrorists to defeat the pro-American Multi-Party Conference, just as Young's policies in Zimbabwe unseated the Black Christian prime minister Abel Muzorewa in favor of Communist Robert Mugabe?

PRESIDENT REAGAN, THERE ARE 4 MILLION BLACK AFRICANS NOW LIVING FREE OF COMMUNIST SLAVERY IN NAMIBIA AS WELL AS IN THE PROVINCES OF ANGOLA WHICH HAVE BEEN LIBERATED BY DR. JONAS SAVIMBI. 16 MILLION MORE BLACKS IN ANGOLA AND MOZAMBIQUE YEARN TO BE FREE OF THE COMMUNIST YOKE.

Please wake up, before it's too late, to what George Shultz and Chester Crocker are perpetrating in your name.

NATIONAL COALITION OF AMERICANS COMMITTED TO RESCUING AFRICA FROM THE GRIP OF SOVIET TYRANNY

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THE CONTINUING CRISIS

•March is a ghost, and Spring is upon us. With the new season there inevitably comes a time to reflect: Where is the glorious Republic headed? As time grinds on what will the next session's mania be? In political terms, there are now two Americas. One is populated with sturdy Yanks who accept life. The other shivers with sentimentalists who have grown positively squeamish about life. This is the America of the New Age Liberal, a stegosaurus whose time perceptibly passes, as did the Victorian's. Like the Victorian, the New Age Liberal squirms when confronted by raw life and rough reality. Show the Victorian a pair of gentlemen's trousers, and he terms them "inexpressibles"—the naughty thoughts multiplying and undulating through his fevered coco. Show the New Age Liberal a paraplegic and he speaks of "the differently-abled." To him a sodomite is a gay, and the broad jump had to be called the long jump. When he encounters a pediculous derelict taunting pedestrians from atop a favorite mail box, the New Age Liberal blubbers that here truly is a representative of "the homeless."

•Of course, with equal exactitude one can designate many of these wretches "the shiftless," "the witless," "the lawless," "the toothless," "the bootless," and "the soapless"; but the New Age Liberal cringes from such frankness. Wherever these idiot fussbudgets still hold sway—in backward universities, in publishing houses, in broadcast studios—they play schoolmarm to the innocent, and sometimes they play God. Always they drive out clear thought and repress free expression. Art and intelligence are bound to suffer under their suzerainty. Their America is a land of sentimental saps where Kurt Vonnegut is Shakespeare, and Andy Warhol is a sought-after Michelangelo Buonarotti. Actually, there is a timely lesson to learn from the yclept homeless. Their lives are led much the way the New Age Liberals would have us live ours. Their days are spent in the great outdoors, roosting in the sunshine, inhaling lots of fresh air, and always pausing for that requisite nap—even on sidewalks. Come suppertime only nutritiously approved meals are consumed, doled out by highly trained do-gooders, and at a common table—very much like Brook Farm. Few luxuries stoke the fires of bourgeois greed. Instead life is led remote from materialism and hustle-bustle. Now, as if the homeless do not get sufficient exercise already, the New York Road Runners in association with that great city's Human Resources Administration has opened a "running and fitness program for the homeless." Nonetheless, despite this wholesome regimen, let us note that many of "the homeless" look decidedly unwell and occasionally even unhappy. Possibly the late Miss Jane Austen's Mr. Woodhouse was wise in scrupling against the outdoors. Then, too, perhaps it is time for reformers to revise their criticism of the nine-to-five grind and of life in Ronald Reagan's suburbia.

•AIDS and herpes may not be the only maladies coincident with the sexual revolution. A Silver Spring, Maryland man underwent rabies treatment after reporting to his doctors that he had made love to a raccoon. How that story will go over with animal rights activists remains purely speculative, for none has yet opined whether bestiality is an invasion of a raccoon's privacy or a long overdue admission of equality among the species. At any rate, the story may not be all that momentous, for the raccoon may have been dead. Apparently the gentleman under treatment is of an unreliable cast of mind—another of the homeless whom the New Age Liberals would turn into Aristotles and Goethes. Mr. J.S. Bach's 300th birthday was celebrated very solemnly on March 21, causing cynics to wonder why the hoopla. Baroque music in America is about as widely revered as the boogie-woogie. Is Bach another of our surrogate gods, or did his heirs recently hire a very able P.R. agent?

•From Moscow comes word that a Soviet icebreaker cut a 12-mile channel into a frozen strait, releasing hundreds of trapped white whales and luring them to the open sea by playing the music of Ludwig van Beethoven. "Several melodies were tried out," *Sotsialisticheskaya Industriya* reports, "and it turned out that classical music was to the taste of these Arctic belugas." The Hapsburgs liked it too, comrades! In sport, Mr. Paul Kelly has won Australia's first dwarf-throwing contest by heaving Mr. Robbie Randall, a regulation-size four-footer, nine feet-one inch. And the third annual Finley Slug Festival in progressive Finley, Washington went off without a hitch.

•The horrible suffering of Soviet first secretary Konstantin U. Chernenko ended mercifully on March 10. For months the comrades had been dragging this unhappy man from his bed, propping him in front of television cameras, or forcing him to meet the disagreeable and often quite smelly foreign dignitaries who come to the Kremlin seeking the tools of Marxist-Leninist *politique*. Through it all, his poor body was exposed to numerous injections and other ghastly therapies prized by the Soviet quacks. A report in the March 1 *New York Times* eloquently bespeaks his last travail: "Konstantin U. Chernenko was shown on television today for the second time in five days in a carefully staged appearance in which he looked exhausted, unsteady on his feet and short of breath. . . . The next camera shot showed Mr. Chernenko slumped in an armchair at an oval table, his bouquet beside him, as Viktor V. Grishin, the Moscow city leader and a fellow Politburo member, congratulated him. 'We are pleased to be able to tell you in the Kuibyshev voting district you were elected unanimously. . . . This has shown your great authority among the working people,' Mr. Grishin said. 'I am sure any district would have elected you, but I am happy that it happened here in Kuibyshev district.'" Ten days later he croaked, or as a memorable headline in the Martinsville, Indiana *Reporter* put it: "HELL'S POPULATION UP BY ONE." Mr. Mikhail S. Gorbachev is his unenviable successor.

•Miss Margarita Delos Santos was arrested by Atlantic City police who believe that the 21-year-old sylph is actually "the kissing bandit" whose ill-bestowed kisses have mysteriously stupefied Atlantic City gamblers (all from Greensboro, North Carolina), allowing her to make off with their valuables. Police theorize that the bandit secretes in her talented mouth a knock-out drug, which she squirts upon her prey's outstretched muzzle. In a speech before the Chicago Council on Foreign Relations, the Rev. Theodore Hesburgh lent support to a long-standing belief of the editor of this journal when he declared nuclear war "the worst sin since creation." Not only was creation a terrible sin, but I have argued that it was also a very bad joke. In Maine Miss Samantha Glenner, a biological male whose sex-change treatments were disrupted when he was jugged for allegedly slaying a 51-year-old woman, will either have these important treatments continued at state expense while awaiting trial or be released. That is the ruling of Justice Donald Alexander, and what about Samantha's tummy tucks and mud packs? The state of Maine may be creating a Venus right in the Maine State Prison!

•Mrs. Elaine Evans, who shattered the thunder mug at Maryland's Washington County Hospital, is suing the manufacturer for $550,000. In Carberry, Manitoba, Mr. Jerry Mesdagh has been fined for throwing his daughter's ringette coach into a pile of garbage. Miss Ellen Malmquest, a student at the University of Colorado, was arrested after police said she fed six live puppies to a neighbor's caged mountain lion, jaguar, and bobcat because she had not anticipated such a large litter and because she was "into the food chain thing." And in our nation's capital Congressman Thomas Downey is insisting he is not a wimp. The charge was made by Congressman Robert Dornan at this year's Conservative Action Conference, but it could be the Hon. Dornan meant it as a compliment. The Hon. Downey's affection for New Age desiderata is legendary.

•Finally, one more report from the New Age. His Excellency Archbishop John Roach, former president of the National Conference of Catholic Bishops, nabbed in Lindstrom, Minnesota last month for drunken driving, pleaded guilty on March 25 and was sentenced to 30 days in jail, only 38 hours of which will actually be spent in the calaboose. In the unctuous bibble-babble that we have come to expect from such frauds, His Excellency swelled and glowed, becoming a moral colossus, an exemplar: "I feel a special responsibility now, having had to face my own flawedness, to invite everyone, especially young people, to join me in promising God, that with his help, we will never again risk the consequences of drinking and driving." Blah, blah, blah . . .

—RET

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THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR®

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EDITORIALS

NICE GUYS FINISH LAST

by R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

Americans are an amiable and sanguine people. In a word, they are nice. They are neither as rapacious as they are portrayed in cinema and song, nor are they as fetched by things *militaire*. Those moral colossuses whose sensibilities were shaped by the viruses of the 1960s will spot in these common-sense observations blasphemy and error, but let me direct them to a recent Gallup poll. It has made my fondness for my fellow Americanos all the more intense.

According to this poll, a majority of Americans now believe that their government has achieved nuclear parity, at least, with Moscow. Americans have not always held this dulcet assessment. In March 1983, 42 percent feared that the Soviet arsenal had surpassed ours. Only 35 percent slept secure in the delusion that parity was upon us, while 15 percent were patriots and insisted that the U.S. had remained on top.

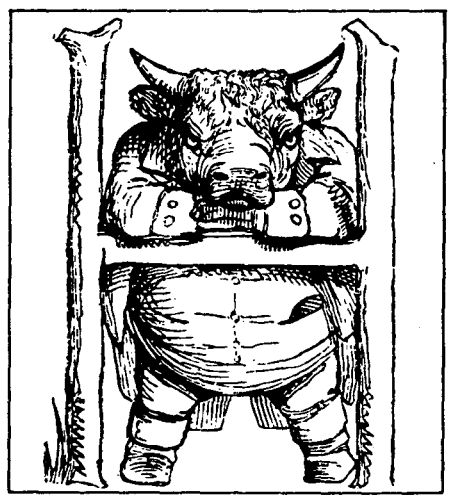
This time around Dr. Gallup's wizards found that 24 percent hold that triumphant notion. Forty-four percent believe we have achieved parity. Only 23 percent fear that the "Evil Empire" is ahead.

In 1983 Americans had good reason to believe that we had slipped behind the Soviets in strategic capability. Our defense allocations had been diminishing for years both in absolute terms and as a percentage of Gross National Product. What is more, ever since détente put a smile on our faces in the early 1970s, the Soviets have been energetically increasing their defense budgets to the point that by 1981 the dollar costs of all Soviet military activities surpassed ours by 45 percent. From 1974 to 1983 Soviet military spending exceeded U.S. spending by some 40 percent, and on strategic forces the Soviets have been outspending us by almost 100 percent. From 1974 to 1983 they spent $250 billion more than the United States.

Mr. Richard DeLauer, Under Secretary of Defense for Research and Engineering, revealed all this gloomy news in testimony to the celebrated Ninety-Eighth Congress. Yet somehow, today the majority of Americans believe that the Reagan Administration has overcome the Soviet advantage in just two years while spending considerably less than Moscow. I offer this up as evidence of the Americano's peaceful cast of mind. Americans are simply too nice a people to harbor grim thoughts.

Well, far be it from me to darken Ronald Reagan's Era of Good Feelings even a little. Spring is in the air. We have just sent a large and luminous delegation to arms control talks in Geneva, and now there is this splendid specimen of a man Mr. Mikhail Gorbachev—a man who with his lovely wife, Raisa, could become the JFK of the Soviet Union, a suave member of Parliament kept repeating on network news last March: Kamelot in the Kremlin. I shall relish each episode, but there is reason to doubt that even under our amazing President we have suddenly reached parity with Moscow.

In fact there is reason to believe that in strategic capacity we continue to fall behind. I have just finished reading a timely report that comes to this conclusion while putting the kabosh to the delusion of parity. The report's title, "Can America Catch Up?" is illuminating enough. It is the work of the estimable Committee on the Present Danger, composed of some of the Republic's most distinguished students of the military balance. Several members are on leave to the government where they are active participants in our arms control policy. Max Kampelman, until recently the Committee's general counsel, is, of course, the head of the U.S. delegation in Geneva. I hope he does not forget the findings of this report.



Any analysis of the nuclear balance is, perforce, complicated and, owing to the secretive nature of the data, speculative. But let those happy citizens who can banish from mind America's years of neglect and the Soviets' years of activity consider this: "Currently, the Soviet Union has a 4-to-1 advantage over the United States in deployed ICBM throw weight, the best single measure of force capability." The Soviets have over 980 sea-launched ballistic missiles to our 616, theirs carrying between 2,000 and 3,000 warheads while ours carry 5,536. Moscow also outnumbers us in heavy bombers by 400 to 325. Let those who would cut back on defense ponder this: "The gap between U.S. and Soviet military capabilities continues to grow." □

Adapted from RET's weekly Washington Post *column syndicated by King Features.*

UNSPEAKABLE HYPHENATES

If the news stories are accurate, Capitol Hill is now alive with budget-balancers, budget-cutters, revenue-enhancers, and other such hyphenated politicos, all avid to protect our economic well-being by lowering that mysterious deficit. Where did it come from? How can we rid the Republic of it? The answer is that we cannot rid the Republic of it, because Washington's other hyphenates, the multitudinous big-spenders and the heroic tax-cutters, are active too. The result is economic incoherence that is almost certain to leave us with still larger deficits. Senator Domenici's labors are in vain.

Yet the deficit is a serious thing. This year it will exceed $200 billion, which comes to almost $1,000 a head for every man, woman, and child. The deficit has reached nearly 5 percent of the Gross National Product. Until very recently that would have been an appalling figure. Republicans and conservative Democrats would have united in prophesying national bankruptcy. But that was before the advocates of big government in their wisdom gave so many Americans a stake in government spending, thus creating little mafias of special interests always helpful with suggestions for new programs, always vigilant for the first hint of budget cuts. These are people who believe that wealth comes not from enterprise but from government appropriations, and they speak from personal experience.

If astringent measures are not taken, our yearly deficits will reach $300 billion by the end of the decade. In 1960 the interest paid on the national debt was less than $130 a head. Today it is over $500 a head. By the end of the decade it will have risen to almost $750. That kind of burden should put the brakes to economic growth.

Whether the hyphenates know it or not, they are muddling toward a substantial reduction in our standard of living. Continual high rates of government borrowing will, as the economists say, "crowd out" the private borrowing that is crucial for a rising rate of productivity and economic growth. Some of the hyphenates—mainly the revenue-enhancers and the big-spenders but also many budget-balancers—prescribe a tax increase to reduce government borrowing; but tax increases that seize personal savings also impede the economic growth by reducing private investment. Whether the government borrows funds or expropriates them, economic growth suffers.

Of all the hyphenates, then, it is the big-spenders who have brought us to this unenviable condition. Our fat and lazy government munches crapulently on too large a hunk of the Gross Na-

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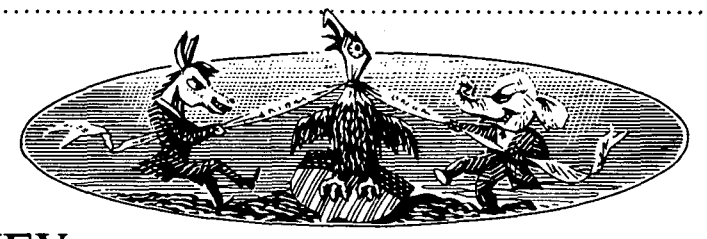
tional Product, and no group on Capitol Hill has the power or the self-restraint to end the debauch. Martin Feldstein, formerly chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisers and a prudent fellow if there ever was one, has suggested modest cuts in the cost-of-living adjustments that engaud Social Security and Medicare, along with some additional taxes; but, of course, all the hyphenates led by the big-spenders let out an enormous howl.

Over the past two decades voluptuous increases in Social Security and Medicare have accounted for all of government's increased share of GNP. These expenditures have grown from 2.3 percent of the GNP in 1960 to 6.6 percent in 1984, while defense spending as a share of GNP fell by one-third, at least until 1980. During the 1970s Social Security's benefits to retirees rose by 50 percent in real dollars, though the average employee's earnings increased not at all. Yet let a budget-balancer or budget-cutter suggest, say, a freeze on Social Security's cost-of-living adjustments, and the big-spenders shout as though orphans were being heaved into the street.

The big-spenders remain Washington's enduring force, despite the present alarm over deficits. In league with the special interests that their lush programs have created they exert continual pressure for more spending. Even in these days of budget restraint, they nip away with more money here, more money there. Now it is bilingual education that is fattened, then it is the Rural Electrification Administration—up 579.4 percent in fiscal year 1984. Of all the hyphenates, only the tax-cutters save the citizenry from incessant fleecing. But can we amass these deficits forever? The average Americano knows. In a recent government poll 81 percent expressed their concern. Do you know what kind of hyphenated Americans they are? They are budget-cutters, but on Capitol Hill they are outnumbered and outshouted. □

CAPITOL IDEAS



HABEMUS VIGORBACHEV

by Tom Bethell

When the black smoke emerged from the Kremlin chimney, announcing Mikhail Gorbachev's victory in the latest power struggle, sympathetic vibrations were set up in the U.S. press. On the day after the great event, the *Washington Post* seemed positively festive, triumphantly proclaiming secular liberalism's *Habemus Papam*: "GORBACHEV BECOMES SOVIET LEADER HOURS AFTER CHERNENKO DIES AT 73." In somewhat smaller type, the *New York Times* suggested that socialism's latest Pope was already hard at work: "New Leader, 54, Loses No Time to Announce His Own Program."

The word "leader" itself suggests how widespread is the undeclared sympathy for small-c Communism among our patriotism pressies. The "leader" of a country whose subjects must be prevented from running away by barbed wire, walls, and guards might more appropriately be called a dictator or a despot. But such ugly labels are reserved exclusively for *anti*-socialist heads of state, as a check with the Nexis computer retrieval system will show.

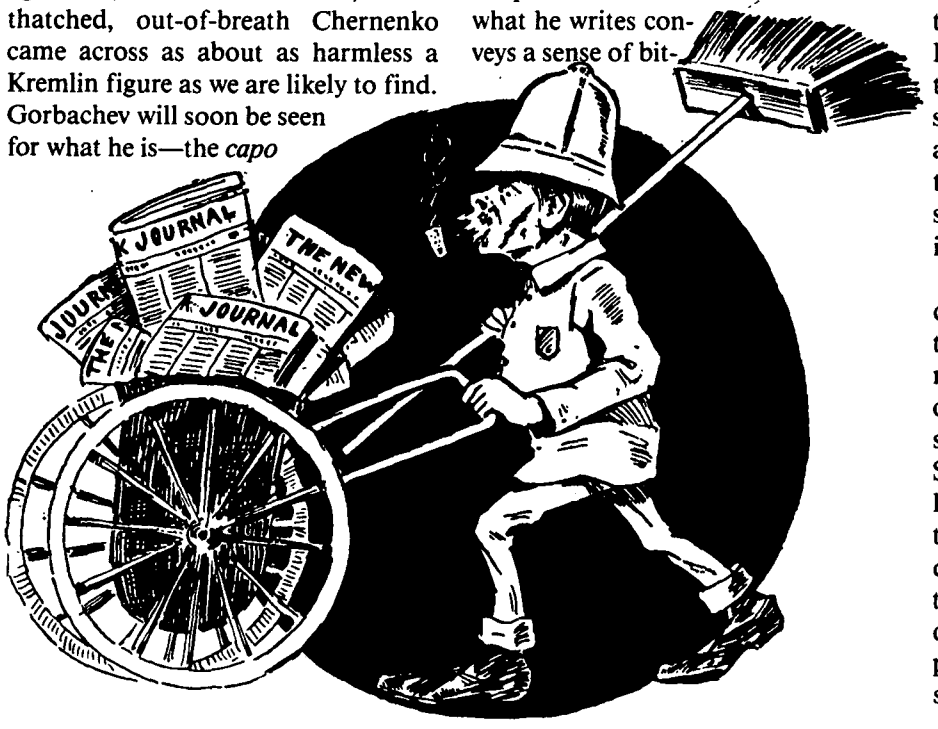
The press corps showed a kind of subdued enthusiasm for the idea that the new Soviet despot would be able to crowd Reagan off the airwaves by sheer magnetism. "Now Reagan cannot count on having things his own way on the propaganda level," wrote *Newsweek*, apparently believing that its coverage of Reagan has been doting, that of Chernenko and Andropov critical. And there was more than a hint of relish in Mary McGrory's observation that the "focused" and "plausible" Gorbachev had "enormous potential as a wedge-driver in the West."

One day I spotted *Washington Post* associate editor Robert Kaiser on the "CBS Morning News" doing a growly-voiced imitation of his boss, Ben Bradlee. A few days later, Kaiser wrote an astonishing article for the paper's "Outlook" section ("Now Russia Will Change") revealing that "our Great Communicator in Washington may finally have a serious rival."

Reagan need hardly worry on the image front, of course. The frail, white-thatched, out-of-breath Chernenko came across as about as harmless a Kremlin figure as we are likely to find. Gorbachev will soon be seen for what he is—the *capo di capi* of the Kremlin Crime Syndicate.

Several thoughts came to mind as I surveyed the media coverage of the latest Kremlin transition. No one mentions this, of course, but there is in the first place an amazing amount of power-worship among our senior media patriots. And hardly a word is whispered about the incredible brutality of the Soviet system of "government," which obviously is not really a government in the sense that we use the word.

I think it is the comparative powerlessness of leftist intellectuals that so drives them up the wall when they contemplate America. Kaiser in much of what he writes conveys a sense of bitter resentment of America, and I notice that he at the same time urges us to adopt measures that would increase the power wielded by Washington over the rest of the country. The impression that he and some other journalists convey is one of utter frustration at the independence conferred by the decentralized American system—resulting in the most frightful ticky-tackies rushing about making millions without so much as having to get permission from Washington first.



In the Soviet Union, by contrast (let us not call it Russia, which does not exist, even though there are Russians; just as there are Palestinians but no Palestine), they really did make a huge effort to get everything under control: to centralize power, to set up a Central Planning authority, and to give the intellectuals their rightful role under the sun, namely, bossing everybody else about. Make no mistake, that is one of the main reasons why Communism is so tremendously appealing to Western intellectuals.

As Joseph Sobran pointed out a few days after Chernenko's death, the one thing you couldn't find anywhere in the media coverage was a word of criticism of the socialist ideology, which gives shape, energy, and direction to the Soviet "government." This is not merely a polite refusal to criticize others—to "impose our views"—as fierce and daily denunciations of South Africa tell us. It is, rather, a tacit recognition of the strong affinity between contemporary liberalism and Communism itself, which are in reality nothing more

Tom Bethell is The American Spectator*'s Washington correspondent.*

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than different ontogenetic stages of the same organic whole. Modern liberalism yearns and strives to transform itself into Communism. Both have the same defining traits: hostility to property, family, and religion, and an endless struggle to atomize the citizenry and make each interchangeable person equally dependent on the state.

That Gorbachev's relative youth should excite so much enthusiasm is another indicator of the surreptitious faith in socialism that pervades so much of American intellectual life. Socialist ideology is based on the belief that a centrally situated genius, or at any rate a group of such people, can devise and ordain a benign and rational plan of existence for the rest of us. We will then toil cooperatively for the common good, the granaries will be full, and of course the planners will go to their dachas on the weekends. Alas, there are pitfalls: Old age will come to the best of us, even central planners and Great Helmsmen. In the Kremlin this has been the case since 1977, Kaiser says. (*Now* he tells us!) Now do you see why socialism hasn't been working so well lately? Its leaders have been infirm. And this is a perfectly reasonable excuse if you believe the underlying theory. If you have a decrepit pilot you can expect the ship to go off course. But now (oh happy day) . . . Habemus Helmsman! By the sheer vigor of his commands, Gorbachev will set things right again. Moreover, he will bring in "younger men" who will be "more effective administrators" because they will be "products of an entirely different background," Kaiser assures us.

Kaiser has been the *Post*'s Moscow correspondent, but he shows here and elsewhere that he does not understand why the Soviet system cannot work in practice, why age has nothing to do with the real problem, and why it is almost impossible to change the system in such a way that it can be made to work. To understand this, three concepts have to be borne in mind: bottlenecks, bureaucracy, and corruption.

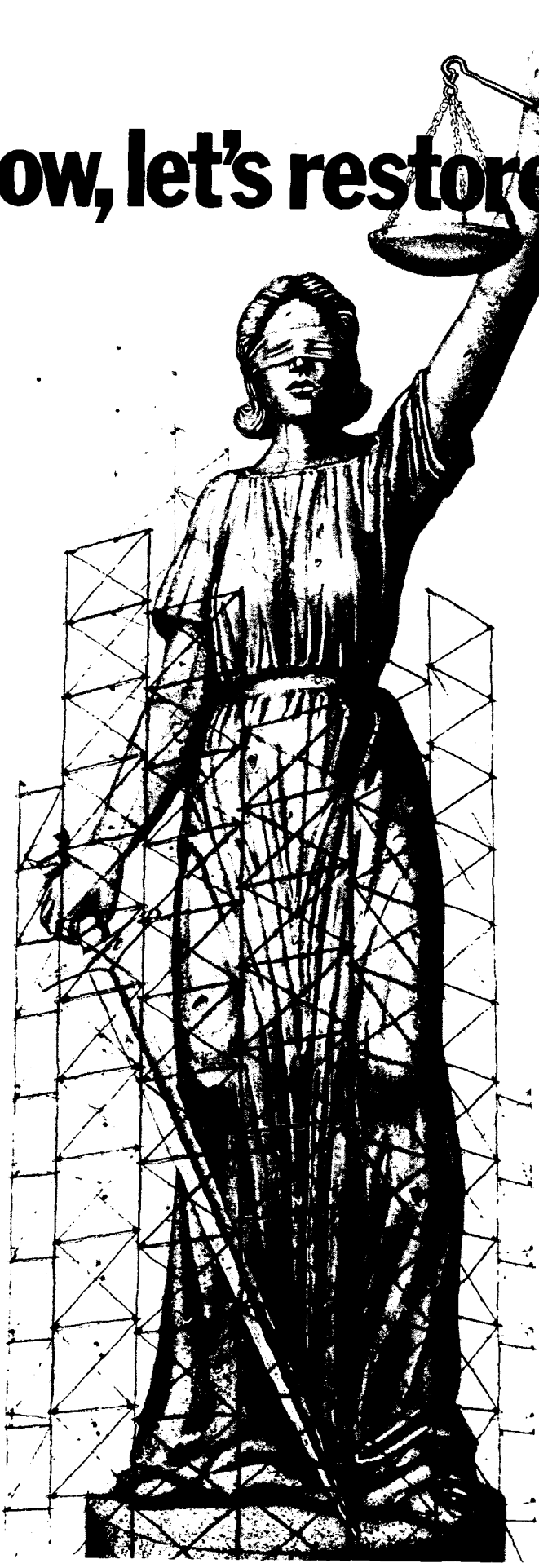
I have a horrible feeling that I have said this before, and I do know for sure that it will not make the tiniest impression on true believers, but I will say it again as simply as possible (and doff my cap once again to Von Mises and Friedrich Hayek).

Socialism does not work and cannot work as planned because it is impossible to get more than a small amount of information into Command Central. Nevertheless, this information must get there if the Great Helmsmen are to know what commands they have to give to make everything work properly. This point is at least understood by those Washingtonians who have given some thought to the following problem: How do you get a message to the man in the Oval Office? Obviously, there are potentially a billion times more messages than he can ever absorb. A lot of money is spent in Washington trying to solve this intriguing problem.

Now, try to imagine how the U.S. economy would work if no one was allowed to do anything until he got permission from the White House. No such permission could be given, of course, until the White House received detailed information from the hinterland, understood all the economic difficulties, and devised plans to solve them. There would be a very bad "bottleneck" at the White House.

Now you can see why there are "bottlenecks" in the Soviet economy.

To widen the bottleneck, and increase the quantity of information reaching the command post, and in particular to put this information in order of precedence (some things are more important than others), the Great Helmsman, or the Man in the Oval Office, could hire a lot of staff. Pretty soon you would have, what? Bureaucracy, right? And what do our homegrown Kremlinologists think is wrong with the Soviet system? Too much bureaucracy. The cliché now is that the



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"vigorous" Gorbachev, aided perhaps by his chic wife, will be able to "cut through" it. For Kaiser the bureaucracy is "entrenched" and Gorbachev (he has "youth" and "human appeal," let us not forget) will be able to "confront and conquer" the bureaucrats' "parochial interests." Harrison Salisbury suggested on the "CBS Morning News," quite erroneously, that maybe the new Helmsman will simply sweep the bureaucracy away. (Imagine Reagan alone in the White House, trying to decide which piece of mail to open next.)

The truth is, it is very difficult to transmit information in a command economy without prices (information-transmitting devices). Without bureaucracy it would be totally impossible and the system would come to a complete halt.

Now imagine that as a way of circumventing the bottleneck people start exchanging things and making things without going through authorized channels—without getting permission from the top. That indeed is a possible solution to the design flaw in the socialist model. But what are these people doing? They are breaking the law. "Corruption" is afoot in the land! And that must be stopped if the system is to work as it was designed to work by Comrade Marx and Comrade Lenin. So in order to stop corruption you crack the whip, shoot a few people—and restore the bottlenecks.

That was Yuri Andropov's solution: crackdown. And believe me, Kaiser greatly admires Andropov's "campaign against sloth and corruption," conducted when he was a mere shadow of his former self, an "old, worn out man." Now think of what Vigorbachev might achieve if he were to follow the Andropov model. Well, of course, he could make things far worse than they already are. *It is only because "corruption"-facilitated activities occur outside official channels that socialism ticks over at all.* Closing off these bypass operations could prove fatal.

My impression is that Gorbachev already tried such Draconian remedies when he was in charge of agriculture—with disastrous results. Grain production declined from 237 million tons to 170 million tons between 1978-84. A decline of that magnitude almost certainly suggests a successful campaign against "corruption". But Gorbachev was promoted nonetheless, and he could try it again. He believes in force, obviously, and the Western media will be urging him on. How revealing, in any event, that it is the *circumvention* of the Communist system ("corruption"), rather than the system itself, that our media pundits object to.

The only way out of the socialist impasse is decentralization—which also gets you out of socialism itself. Decentralization means making formerly "corrupt" activities legal. But *that* means depriving enormous numbers of officials of their jobs. This may not be totally impossible (China seems to be attempting the feat) but it is exceedingly difficult, especially when you realize that those who hold these jobs are members of something called the Communist party (remember that?). Also, decentralizing decision-making goes against the tenets of Communist ideology, which is to say socialist ideology. Carried beyond a certain point decentralization converts a black market into a free market, and state property into private property.

So, to make the Communist system work, all Gorbachev would have to do would be to break up the Communist party, deprive its members of jobs, and say farewell to its reigning ideology. Then everything will work wonderfully. Some optimists imagine that this might actually happen because they have persuaded themselves that those who call themselves Communists don't really believe in Communism. I think otherwise. If liberals believe in Communism, I don't see why Commies wouldn't. □

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William Tucker

VISITS WITH THE HOMELESS

How some people live on $50,000 a year.

"Help the Homeless," said a button pinned to the woman's beret. She was black, about 30, and standing in front of a table of trinkets being sold by a sidewalk vendor on 33rd Street in Manhattan.

"What do you think New York City ought to do for the homeless?" I asked her.

"Well, you know, they could give us a little more money. I've only got $325 a month to live on. I've got my four kids to feed, and it's hard to do."

Her name was Carmen. She was not unattractive, intelligent, and spoke with a trace of an accent that she finally told me was Puerto Rican. Her home was the Martinique, a beautiful old tourist hotel facing Herald Square that used to have three luxurious restaurants, and now teems with 2,000 welfare tenants—500 women and 1,500 children.

"I was in Section 8 housing down on West Third Street," she told me. "We got burned out. I've been here about two months. We're waiting until something opens up in the projects."

For years, getting into the projects—city-sponsored housing—has been one of the most coveted goals of New York's poor. Waiting periods were once two years, but for the last decade the city has given immediate priority to people whose apartments burned down. As a result, tenants often burned down their buildings in order to move to the top of the list. Add this to a landlord's incentive to burn down his own building to rid himself of rent-controlled tenants, and you have the South Bronx.

Now, however, the waiting periods have swelled to ten years. Even arson can't get you into a city housing project. Consequently, there is a new category of "homeless."

I spent two weeks in early March floating among New York City's population of 50,000 homeless people. I visited the Men's Shelter, where I ended up posing as just another homeless resident. I did volunteer duty in a synagogue that has been temporarily converted into a makeshift shelter. I visited the Coalition for the Homeless, headquarters of the legal attack for "homeless rights," and spent another afternoon talking with people in front of the Martinique, one of New York's largest "welfare hotels."

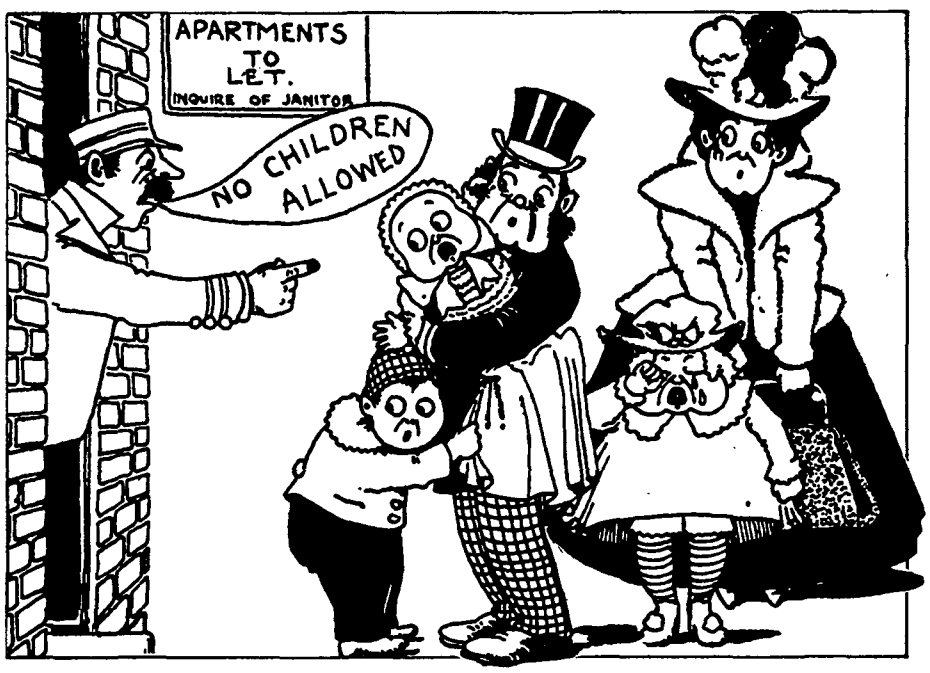
It is difficult to sum up except perhaps to say four things: 1) There is a hard core of homeless people, most of them refugees from mental hospitals, who are incapable of taking care of themselves; 2) there is a down-and-out population of homeless men who could probably take care of themselves; 3) the "homeless families" that are now surging into the system are really the familiar black-woman-and-her-illegitimate-children welfare families in a new guise; and 4) the people who are most emotionally involved in helping the homeless haven't the slightest idea what they're doing.

Lumping the first three categories together as "the homeless" seems useful only to the fourth category, i.e., those who patronize the homeless. First, it makes for a classification that is racially and ethnically neutral. Second, it obscures the fact that we are only dealing with problems that liberal programs have created. And third, it fends off public opinion that is probably getting tired of dealing with "welfare families."

What I encountered in several hours at the Martinique, for example, had little to do with "homelessness." It was simply the sociological debris from the catastrophic upheaval that has occurred in the black family over the last twenty years.

Thomasina was typical. A black woman, age 28, she had been living in two rooms at the Martinique for the last three months with her six children. She wore a red beret and sunglasses, and her two bottom front teeth were missing. She could have been 50.

"I had my own apartment and my own job six months ago," she said. "I was living in Columbus, Ohio. I came to visit my sister here, and while we were staying her apartment burned down. So they put me in here."



What happened to her job and apartment? "I don't know—they're gone now. That's the way it goes sometimes, you know." Thomasina didn't seem terribly concerned about getting in or out of the Martinique. "They put you on a bus every week and take you around to show you apartments, and tell you you have to take something. I didn't like anything they showed me yet, so I'm staying right here."

Carmen was the same way. She had four children. Had she ever had a husband? I asked.

"Are you kidding? Get beat up all the time? No sir, not me."

She actually seemed fairly responsible. She had worked as a store clerk, and was now tending one end of the trinket table for the elderly Oriental who was operating the sidewalk stand. He was paying her $3.00 an hour.

"The only thing I don't like about it here at the hotel are the fights," she told me. "A lot of women beat their children. You know, they get mad at 'em and whip 'em or lock 'em outside. Or else they spend their welfare money on a nickel bag instead of feeding their kids. A six-year-old got raped in there a couple of weeks ago, too."

She said she wasn't particularly looking for another place to live. Her room at the Martinique wasn't all that bad. After we finished talking, she urged me to come up and visit her, and wanted to give me her phone number.

Where were the men in this world? A lot of them were standing right outside, their noses almost literally pressed against the glass.

Cloyd was a 29-year-old black who paced back and forth in front of the hotel like a caged fox. He was thin and wiry, with a strung-out look. A fresh two-inch scar ran down his left nostril, the stitch-marks still clearly visible.

"They won't let me in," he said. "These bastards won't let me past the

William Tucker is a contributing editor of Harper's.

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door. I'm trying to get in to see my old lady."

It emerged that he had had "a little fight" with his old lady a week ago, and was now banned from the hotel. He lived in Queens with a relative and spent his days "doing nothing." I had the feeling his old lady wasn't terribly anxious to see him.

Cloyd was nervous and didn't want to talk, so I struck up another conversation with Carlton, an older, much more respectable-looking man with a Jamaican lilt in his voice.

"My baby-mother lives in here," he told me. "She has five other kids. The last one's mine. I'm 39, she's 38. We were living together in the Bronx, but the Spanish moved in. They're the ones that are ruining New York. They think us black people are nothing, so they stole everything from us. Then they wrecked the building. It was too crowded for me to live in here, so I'm staying at a hotel on East 23rd Street. The city is paying my rent."

I was curious about that term "baby-mother." What did it mean?

"It means the mother of your baby," he explained patiently. "You know, if she has your baby, that makes you the father, and she's the baby-mother."

But didn't that make her your girlfriend, or your common-law wife or something?

"No, mon, that's the baby-mother."

Cloyd had drifted back, and was listening intently to our conversation.

"I've never heard that term, 'baby-mother,' before," I said.

For the first time all afternoon, Cloyd's face dissolved in a smile. "You never heard of a 'baby-mother' before?" he said. "Shee-it, man, where you been?"

The day before, I had been down to the Men's Shelter on West Third Street. Originally a city-sponsored sleeping quarters for Bowery Bums, it has recently become the central clearing house for New York City's homeless men.

I originally walked in looking for a supervisor to ask about some interviews. The place was so busy, though, and everyone seemed so indifferent to my presence, that I finally just fell into the routine of acting like another homeless individual.

About 300 men crowded into the Shelter's first-floor recreation and intake rooms, with perhaps another 300 scattered among the three upper floors. The crowd was mostly black and Spanish, probably a little older than younger. It was a boisterous group.

There were few places to sit. Card games occupied one whole side of the large recreation room. On the other, a group of black transvestites carried on an endless melodrama about someone's borrowed shoes. In the middle of the room, two men played a furious game of ping-pong. It took me a while to realize there was an old drunk asleep under the ping-pong table.

One thing obviously marked the few white men in the crowd. All of them seemed at least a little disturbed. One wild-haired Jewish-looking guy in his thirties, who looked like a shipwreck from the 1960s, marched up and down the room spouting loudly about Marx and revolution. When I asked him if he had grown up in New York, he said: "I'm from the USA, one nation under God—one, one, one, one." He jabbed his arms and legs out in a fair imitation of a swastika. Then he marched off again.

If I had to characterize the majority of men I talked to, I would say they were "down on their luck." One very kind black man in his forties, named Ken, said he had been running a small video parlor in the Bronx only a few months before. "I had to go to North Carolina to take care of my mother. She got sick, and didn't have any insurance. I used all my money to pay her hospital bills. She finally died.

"Then when I came back, some kids had broken into the game parlor and wrecked everything. We didn't have any insurance. My partner and I went bankrupt. I couldn't pay my rent, so I ended up here. I'm trying to scrape a little money together so I can get started again."

One kid was sitting on a bench selling individual cigarettes for ten cents apiece. He was 23 years old. "I've been in here about four months," he said. "I make about $10 a day. I do it because I'm not the kind of person who'll rob or steal from people. I wasn't raised like that." Did he have any plans for the future? "Just get out of here and try to get a job, I guess."

It was an institutional setting, not unlike a jail or mental hospital. (In fact, many of these people undoubtedly would have been in mental hospitals twenty years ago.) In an upstairs pool room, two older guys spent fifteen minutes doing a clumsy Harlem Globetrotters imitation. In another room where garbage details were being handed out for $12 a week, one man fell down and had an epileptic seizure right in front of me.

The people who are most emotionally involved in helping the homeless haven't the slightest idea what they're doing.

I went through intake, told a social worker I had left my wife and children, and was issued a 30-day meal card. When I told him I had spent a year in college, he didn't blink an eye. The guy just ahead of me, a jazz musician, had claimed to have a Ph.D. "It's the economy," Ken told me earlier. "The guy I slept next to last night said he was a surgeon."

Finally, as we lined up for a meal, I ended up next to an Irish-looking guy, graying, with pointy shoes, pegged pants, and a funny, cross-eyed look. Even to my untutored eye, he had "jail" written all over him.

"What've they got you in here for?" I asked.

He laughed, and told me all about his days in prison. "You've got a much tougher bunch of guys in there," he said. "In jail, you've got to protect yourself all the time. I saw a guy get stabbed 39 times once just like that. When it was over, nobody seen nothing. Here everybody just minds their own business. But don't get drunk. They'll roll you in a minute.

"You've got to make plans," he advised me. "You've got to think of something to do on the outside. A lot of these guys in here have given up. They're just living day to day. They'll stay here as long as the city lets them."

The requirement for staying at the Men's Shelter is that you take a shower. After you're through, the shelter gives you a clean T-shirt. The shirts are color-coded to make sure everyone washes every day. Some residents of the men's shelter are opposed to bathing on principle.

The cleanest, brightest, and most acceptable of the homeless are farmed out to the dozens and dozens of armories, churches, synagogues, and former mental hospitals that have been mobilized to deal with the state court settlement that created the "right to a place to sleep" for everyone in New York City.

A few nights later, I spent an evening at the Congregation Rodef Shalom on West 86th Street. The temple was putting up twelve homeless men, but eight of them had already retired to their cots when I arrived at nine o'clock. (No shelter can take more than nineteen people. Otherwise, it must secure a city license, which requires an impossible amount of refurbishing and paperwork.)

Gary, Rodney, and Vinnie, three homeless men, were sitting at a card table playing a wicked game of pinochle. The two other volunteers—a middle-aged man and woman from the neighborhood—were watching television. There was supposed to be some "counseling" going on, but the card players were having such a good time and the volunteers seemed so intimidated that the whole idea of "rehabilitation" seemed inappropriate.

I sat down at the table for a while and tried to learn the game. Then gradually, I started asking the players about themselves, telling them I was doing a newspaper story. They were cautious at first, but eventually opened up.

Gary was 35, although I would have guessed 28. He was black, had a small mustache, and a well-educated manner. An accountant by trade, he had just come back from six months in London.

"I sublet my apartment and was living over there," he said. (In New York City, subletting a rent-controlled apartment at double or triple the rent allowable to the landlord is a major source of income for tens of thousands of people.) "But my sub-tenant moved out and didn't even tell me. The

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landlord took it over again, and when I got back I didn't have anyplace to live. So I had to come here. I haven't been able to land a job in six weeks, but I just got something with Bank of New York. I start Monday. It's almost impossible to look for an apartment and a job at the same time in New York."

Rodney was 38, black, and extremely pleasant. He owns a liquor store in Los Angeles, where he lives with his common-law wife and five children. His eldest daughter is attending the University of Southern California.

"I came back here to settle the estate with my mother and stepfather," he said. They had died under mysterious circumstances that he didn't want to elaborate. "We don't think they were murdered, but we're not sure. I was staying with my sisters and brothers while the house is in probate, but things got too crowded, so I moved here. I sent my kids back to L.A. My wife and I aren't legally married, but we've been together for 18 years."

He was extraordinarily sensitive to the nuances of the situation. "My mother was the first black woman CPA in this country," he said. "We've always been accountants in our family. My mother and father were the only liquor store owners in our neighborhood to survive the New York liquor strike in the 1970s. It's much easier to run a liquor store in Los Angeles, though. You don't have so many regulations out there."

Vinnie was the youngest of the three, 24, Italian, and probably the least savvy of the group (he was also losing the card game). He was willing to talk about things that left the other two a little embarrassed.

"I'm married with two kids," he said. "I'm a construction worker. My wife and I live with her brother in Queens. He's a real bastard. He's a cop, about 38 years old. We don't get along. He's retiring and moving to Florida in the spring, though, so we'll have the whole house to ourselves."

What was he doing among the homeless? "I got hurt on the job a month ago," he said. "I got some glass in my feet, and then it got all diseased." He showed me the soles of his feet, which were damp and peeling, and indeed looked painfully infected. "I'm collecting disability and unemployment for a while. I came down here because we're telling the disability people we're separated. We collect a bigger check that way." He told me all this without a trace of embarrassment.

Was he sure he wasn't having a little fight with his wife, and just telling this story as an excuse? "Oh, no," he said, "I go out there every day. I'm just sleeping down here at night so we can get more money."

After an hour-and-a-half of this, I finally had to admit I felt a little strange. "I feel like I'm sitting with a group of impostors here," I said. "I came down here looking for an interview with the unfortunate homeless, and here I find three intelligent, grown men, all with jobs and families." (Gary had a teenage daughter, but was separated from his wife.)

They ignored my comment for a bit. Then Gary finally pursed his lips and formulated a response. "I think you have to differentiate us from those people down at the Men's Shelter," he said. "All those people are really institutionalized. Even a lot of the staff started out as homeless. All they think about is getting you on some kind of social-services program. They're always trying to send you to Camp LaGuardia." (Indeed, during my interview, the social worker had immediately suggested I go to this large state-run compound in the Catskills.)

"I think they run the whole program all wrong down there," he concluded. "They ought to be telling people to find jobs and take care of themselves. Instead, they're just trying to put everybody on welfare."

New York City now has an estimated 50,000 "homeless" people. The numbers have grown in the past few years, although the phenomenon is not new. In 1978, Kim Hopper and Ellen Baxter, of the Community Service Society, published a paper estimating there were 35,000 homeless in New York. (They now claim 60,000.) The real change seems to have been that the issue has become politicized.

In 1979, Robert Hayes, a young Wall Street attorney, brought a class-action suit that eventually determined every person in New York City had a "legal right" to shelter at city expense. At the time there were 2,000 men in the Men's Shelter and 50 women in the Women's Shelter. The City was spending $14 million per year on the program.

This past January 9, 20,000 slept in city shelters. New York City now spends an incredible $200 million annually on the homeless. If there are 40,000 homeless altogether, that's *$50,000 a year per individual.* ("There's a little bit of overhead," admitted Fred Griesbach, director of the Coalition for the Homeless.) Even then, Carol Bellamy, President of the City Council and Mayor Koch's rival in this year's election, is berating Koch for not spending an additional "spare" $40 million on the homeless.

After talking to people in the street, I can believe these numbers. Carmen said the city pays $1,800 monthly in rent for her two-room suite in the Martinique. My wife and I are buying a five-room co-op in Brooklyn, and the total mortgage and maintenance payments come to less than $1,000 a month.

The inevitable accusation, of course, is that some mysterious "slumlords" are making millions off these welfare payments. But when I talked with Sal Tuccelli, the owner of the Martinique, sitting in his mezzazine offices overlooking the lobby, he didn't seem like a man getting rich.

"If you'd told me I'd end up like this ten years ago, I'd have thought you were crazy," he said. "This used to be a beautiful place. We had an off-Broadway theater in here. I was the first hotel owner in New York to win the Silver Award for Fine Restaurants. That's a hand-painted ceiling out there."

Tuccelli said he leased out the Martinique for ten years, and his leaseholder converted to welfare without telling him. "Even then he couldn't make it, so we had to take it back," he said. "I've got 1,500 kids in here. Can you imagine the vandalism? Four months ago we spent half-a-million dollars on five new elevators. Now all of them have been destroyed. I'd sell this place in a minute, but there isn't a person on earth who would buy it."

New York City's complicated tenant-protection laws forbid any welfare hotel owner from evicting a tenant who has lived with him for more than 29 days. In New York, once you've accepted a tenant, you're stuck with him for life. This is another reason no one builds rental housing anymore.

The only way Tuccelli could empty his building now is if the hotel burned down.

Fred Griesbach is director of the Coalition for the Homeless. He doesn't think New York City is spending nearly enough. "Each year's peak of homelessness is next year's average," he said, sitting in his cramped office. (The Coalition for the Homeless receives no city funds.) "The numbers just keep going up. There's no end in sight.

"Studies have shown that about 25-30 percent of the homeless are mentally ill," he said. "That figure is probably about right. There's a hard core out there who just can't take care of themselves."

Most of these people were dumped out of mental hospitals in the 1960s and '70s when another "civil rights" crusade decided they should be "free" to refuse treatment. Nationwide, the population of state mental hospitals has fallen from 559,000 to 132,000 over that period. Thousands of these "bag ladies" and "vent people" now live in railway and bus stations, in bank lobbies, on sidewalks, under bridges, and in makeshift "tent cities."

Many of these people are obviously irrational. When New York City officials began forcing them to go to shelters on sub-freezing nights, however, the ACLU objected loudly that their "civil rights" were being violated. In very cold weather, the pick-up van from the Department of Human Resources now carries two psychiatrists who make on-the-spot diagnoses designed to stand up in court.

This winter, Grand Central Station began staying open all night to accommodate the homeless. Within days there were rumors that Human Resources vans were dumping people off at Grand Central, rather than putting them into the city's overcrowded shelters. Soon, Grand Central travelers were stepping over indigents to get to their trains. One supposedly "harmless" vagrant attacked a Connecticut commuter and bit his finger off. Grand Central officials started closing the station at one a.m. again once the cold weather eased.

But this hard core of shamefully abandoned drunks and incompetents

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has only served as a wedge to drag thousands of other people into the social services network. A survey of the men's shelters in 1983 found that a significant number of shelter residents were younger men who had come in for economic reasons, and 60 percent of the homeless had lived with close relatives or friends in their last three sleeping arrangements. That was long before the city started processing welfare mothers and their children into the system as well.

"How many of these families are intact?" I asked Fred Griesbach, after he told me that homeless families represented "the biggest growth area."

"What do you mean, 'intact'?"

"I mean a father, mother, and children."

"Very few," he said. "They are almost all minorities. You know what it's like for black people in this society, especially black women. They can't find jobs, they don't get adequate day care, there are no training programs available. It makes very little difference whether a family is quote-unquote intact."

Griesbach was bearded and young, a nice-looking guy. I thought he looked 27, but he was 34. He was a schoolteacher before becoming involved in the homeless. His office was decorated with political posters ("Help Angola Win Independence—Boycott Gulf").

What is the city supposed to do about the homeless? I asked.

"Housing. We've got to have more public housing. There's just no place for anyone to live. We're a rich society, we can afford it."

Can New York City afford it?

"Well, probably not. We've got to have the federal government come in here and build housing for us."

Wouldn't getting rid of rent control help, since New York City's housing regulations have driven every single private developer of rental housing out of business?

"No," he replied. "The private developers only build housing for the rich."

Well look, I said. I admit it's hard to find a place to live in New York. (John F. Kennedy, Jr. recently spent two months trying to find an apartment.) But didn't he think that people had to provide something for themselves? Almost every homeless person I had encountered so far was a black who had split up his or her family—or never bothered forming one—making it necessary to find two apartments instead of one. By going to court and trying to force the city to spend hundreds of millions or more dollars in building shelters, wasn't he just making the whole system more attractive?

Griesbach stared at me in disbelief. "Almost anything is attractive to a person who doesn't have a place to live," he said. "All we're talking about here is shelter. We're talking about having a bed to lie on and a roof over your head to protect you from the rain. The people in these shelters don't even have a place to cook. Some of them don't have a private bathroom. We're talking about things every human being is entitled to."

As I jotted in my notes, I could feel his voice rising with emotion. When I finally looked up, his face was glowing with righteous indignation. He looked like a candidate for sainthood. □

Roger Starr

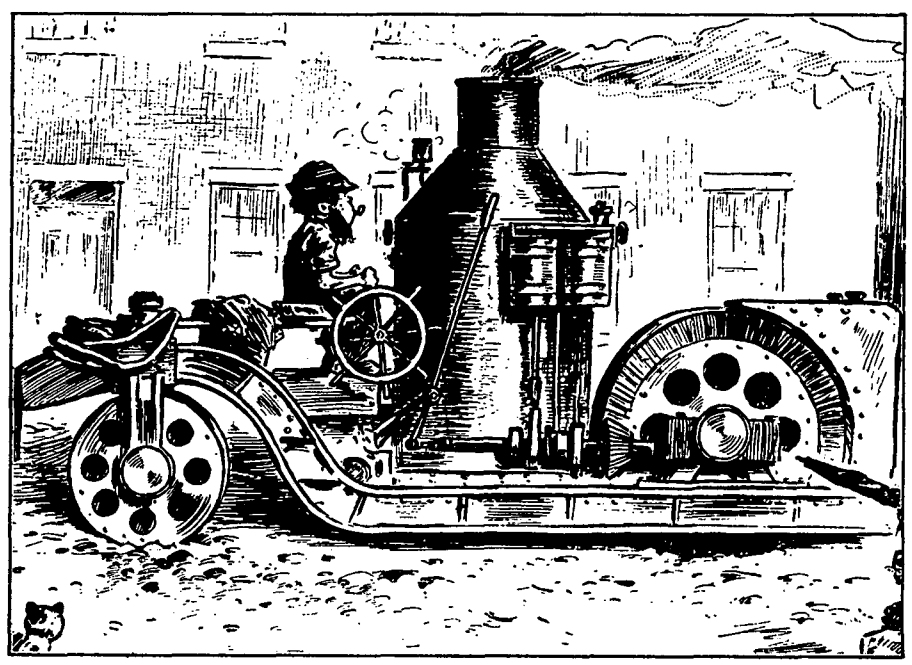
THE UNMAKING OF MANUFACTURING

The rise and fall of industrial New York City.

One of New York's best-kept secrets in 1946 was its status as the nation's largest manufacturing town. Bemusing other cities with its symbolic office skyscrapers and the penthouses serenaded by songwriters, New York did not let the rest of the nation know that in fact a very large fraction of its population worked at factory jobs. And rather grubby factory jobs at that. Until the end of the Second World War, the city's mayors and business and political leaders did whatever they could to encourage manufacturing and to reduce the factory workers' cost of living by maintaining the low subway fare and providing subsidies to housing. After the end of the war, however, growing interest in the "quality of life" and in the sociological problems of race relations, advanced health care, juvenile delinquency, and substandard housing overshadowed the attention that leadership had given to the cultivation of manufacturing.

It was not until thirty years after the end of the war, when the Federal Bureau of Labor Statistics announced that the city had lost 600,000 manufacturing jobs in ten years, that New Yorkers who had never set foot in a factory learned that they had been living in a factory town. The rest of the country never had known. New York, in fact, was the only factory town in the nation that could lose 600,000 factory jobs and still retain 600,000 people working in factories.

Of course, New York's factories did not always look like factories, at least not like modern factories—one-story boxes floating in a parking-lot sea. New York had some multi-story reinforced concrete buildings, designed to carry heavy machinery on their extra-large floors and clearly labeled by design as buildings within which objects were produced. But the busiest factory district in the city was incongruously located in central Manhattan, just south of 42nd Street and the theater district. Here, sometimes in new brick-faced elevator buildings that looked like extraordinarily solid office buildings and sometimes in older structures on the choking side streets, the women's garment industry made its headquarters. Adjacent were the furriers.



In the early postwar years, imaginative real estate people were chagrined that dress factories kept such valuable real estate from attaining its "highest and best use"—meaning office buildings, whose tenants could pay much higher rents per square foot. Samuel J. Lefrak suggested moving the whole garment industry to a site over the vast Sunnyside rail freight yards in Queens and offered to build new, modern factories if the city would on-

Roger Starr is a member of the New York Times *Editorial Board. This article is adapted from his new book,* The Rise and Fall of New York City, *to be published later this year by Basic Books.*

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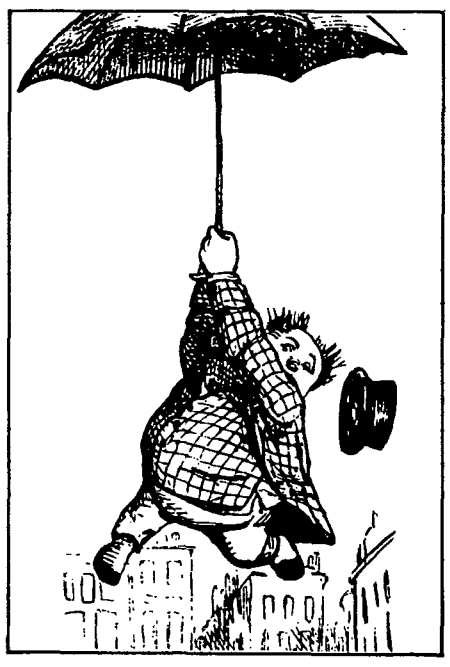
ly lend him the money. The city was properly afraid that the industry was already too fragile to move. If we let them disconnect their electric cutting machines, they won't stop moving until they get to Alabama, officials said, probably correctly (within a few years they would not have stopped before reaching Korea). Even today, what's left of the dress business fears that the proposed reconstruction of 42nd Street and Times Square will raise the value of the land under the remaining dress factories. Ultimately, they fear, the industrial buildings will be demolished by their owners (the dress manufacturers usually rent their space from others) to make room for high-rise offices.

If the general public was unaware of the extent to which the city economy was based on manufacturing, the dependency was noted by the city planners. A multi-volume study of New York's economy, headed by Raymond Vernon of Harvard, predicted in 1960 the decline of New York's manufacturing sector, but concluded that expanding service enterprises would put an equivalent number of New Yorkers to work. It was clear to careful observers that the traffic congestion, the dependence on elevators to handle goods for a number of unconnected manufacturers in the same building, and other expenses of mid-city operation would inevitably make New York's multi-story factory buildings obsolete. The problem of factory obsolescence was not limited to New York. By 1970, when environmentalists in the Middle West were beginning to celebrate the disappearance of chimneys and black smoke from their midst, their fellow citizens had their first chance to breathe clean air. They discovered, unhappily, that it smelled of unemployment.

New York's manufacturing businesses included some that did produce obnoxious noises and smoke. Its power stations burned coal until the 1970s. Despite sophisticated electrostatic devices that removed most gritty particles from their smoke, the dust and fly ash that remained seemed to be irresistibly attracted to the human eye and to the hamburgers that penthouse dwellers were grilling on their terraces downwind of Consolidated Edison's stacks. Everyone, including the rulers of the Middle East, celebrated the conversion of its coal-burning plants to oil. Chemical plants that produced synthetic tiles and rendering plants that made tallow and fats produced horrible smells in parts of the city. No one except their employees and suppliers regretted their departure. But the city was genuinely sorry to see the garment manufacturers disappear; they made no smoke, except what came from cigars smoked on Seventh Avenue during the postprandial noontime "schmooze." The smell they exuded was the salty smell of herring, and the only danger they presented to passing pedestrians was that of being bumped by one of the handcarts in which unfinished dresses were rolled from the buttonhole-maker to the hem-stitcher.



Nor did other typical New York manufacturers present worse problems. They put ink on paper, stamped out small pieces of metal to make electrical fittings, prepared food, and brewed beer. What made them leave New York was not the environmental problem in its simple physical sense.

The garment industry flourished in New York because its fairly skilled workers from Europe provided the entrepreneurial skill to organize a mass-production clothing business. First they raised home production to its uttermost limits of inhumane efficiency. The immigrant families worked in their tenement homes, disturbing domestic tranquility, raising dust, and exposing children to adult language and behavior that greatly disturbed some of the settlement house reformers. Many garment workers contracted tuberculosis in the airless rooms in which they both lived and worked.

Housing reform laws pushed industrial production from the tenement houses. When the catastrophic event of the Triangle Shirtwaist fire in 1911 killed 146 workers, mostly women, factory reform laws were passed as well, and the union, The International Ladies' Garment Workers, grew enormously in power and importance.

Control of factories for the safety of workers was only a short step from governmental control of factories for the protection of nearby buildings and the neighborhood. Many pieces of land in New York were subject to ownership covenants that prevented their use for obnoxious purposes like glue factories, but that was not enough protection. In 1916 the city adopted the first true zoning ordinance. This law in its original form permitted industrial uses only in areas that were classified as "unrestricted," a deprecatory label that few landowners wanted to attach to areas that might sometime respond to residential demands. The ordinance was comprehensively revised in the early 1960s; one of the major changes was an attempt to classify industries by performance standards so that innocuous manufacturing processes could be located nearer to homes.

New York was the only factory town in the nation that could lose 600,000 factory jobs and still retain 600,000 people working in factories.

In practice, it has turned out that New York neighborhood groups have become unsympathetic to the need to retain jobs and will do whatever they can to prevent nearby factories from expanding, whether or not the factories are causing nuisances. Homeowners do not seem to care that a factory may even be forced to close its doors or leave the city if it is not permitted to expand. Sometimes neighbors will find a legal technicality that can be used to prevent an expansion whose purpose is to comply with new regulations designed to improve air quality. It was inconceivable, when the city was growing rapidly, that its taxpayers would try so hard to impede economic and job growth. But that is how it has been since the Second World War, and particularly since the phrase "quality of life" has come into common speech.

One of the most poignant aspects of the conflict between local residents and the industrial enterprises in their midst is the amount of political and civic energy that must be expended in the New York style to resolve it. A dispute may ultimately be compromised in a way that would have kept the factory alive, but only after such a long period of uncertainty that it either kills off the enterprise or leaves the company so angry that it moves the factory anyway. Local residents always enjoy favorable political odds over industrial enterprises. Elected representatives are well aware of the residents' interest in the quality of life because the representatives themselves live in the same area. Factory workers do vote, but they generally live far from their work places. Scattered in other parts of the city, and perhaps even outside it, they lack the means of stimulating local officials to support their case in the Board of Estimate, the city's executive governing body.

Last year, for example, the following situation arose in Queens. A company called the Quick Roll Leaf Manufacturing Company had for fifty years been operating a plant in Queens, adjacent to the tracks of the Long Island Rail Road. The company manufactured the rolled labels with adhesive backing that supermarkets use to put prices and advertising materials on cans and boxes. Over the years, residential neighbors moved in alongside the factory. Then in 1983, the federal Environmental Protection Agency found that the factory violated federal clean air standards, a condition that could be corrected only by extending the factory smokestacks to a height of seventy feet and installing special exhaust-filtering equipment. The owners decided to do this on a section of the property alongside the railroad and as far as possible from residential neighbors. Then they learned that the city had mapped a possible future street in that part of the property.

Under New York City law, when the city puts such an imaginary street on the official map, it need not pay for the land until it actually moves to build the street, an event that may never take place. The owners, however, may not build at any time on the demarcated street site without special permission from the Board of Estimate following a public hearing. Although the zoning law permitted enlargement of the building, the residential neighbors thought that they would be able to stop the expansion by urging the Board of Estimate to refuse permission to build in the mapped street. They were right. The Queens elected officials were persuaded that the opposition was too strong politically to oppose, even though it seemed likely to cost seventy-five jobs. The local people did not care whether the factory was closed down or not. Although they had lived alongside it for many years, most of them having moved in with full knowledge of its presence, they persuaded the Queens borough president that their "quality of life" would be imperiled. They also feared that seventy-foot factory stacks would make their houses less salable.

A more complicated form of interference between residential and in-

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dustrial land involves another New York City law, J-51. The law permits the city to forgive existing taxes on substandard buildings that need rehabilitation and to exempt from taxation the value of improvements to render them modern. Originally passed to encourage the installation of heating systems in tenement houses that had previously lacked them, it proved to be flexible enough to make economically feasible the restoration of thousands of old buildings. The law increasingly aroused the indignation of so-called progressives on the City Council, who argued that rehabilitation would have occurred without the two tax concessions. Neither the truth nor the falsity of that claim can be proved. The critics then aimed at the use of these tax concessions to turn an industrial building into a residential building. That activity, they claimed, resulted in the loss of badly needed industrial jobs for relatively poor people in order to pile up profits for those who constructed less badly needed housing for the wealthy.

The argument has some validity, but it is more persuasive at first hearing than after serious examination. It should be obvious that a city that has lost 600,000 manufacturing jobs in a single decade must have lost many manufacturing enterprises. Their former factory floors have not been refilled by other manufacturers.

The critics of the law that gives tax concessions for the conversion of buildings from industrial to residential use surely know that cutting out the concessions will not do anything to improve the prospects of manufacturing companies in New York. Manufacturers are beset with a variety of difficulties, and space is perhaps the least of them. The critics also know that laws taxing owners of real property on the capital value of the improvements they make to their property tend to discourage them from making such improvements, truly the last thing that intelligent tax policy should aim to do. Critics are, it seems, bemused by the spectre of profits, an economic term that has been tarred with a certain opprobrium in New York since the end of the Second World War. The public policy question is not whether it is bad to permit builders and owners of buildings to make profits on their investments but rather, who would invest and operate buildings if there were no profits to be made from them? When government provides housing that the private market cannot profitably provide, it must charge rents that, together with the subsidies it dedicates to housing, cover not only the immediate costs of the housing operations but all the elaborate governmental superstructure needed to run them. The cost to the economy might, if someone bothered to analyze it rigorously, be greater than the normal profits on privately owned housing. And, even if it covers its costs, government housing does not directly help accumulate new funds in the hands of entrepreneurs who then invest in new projects.

Yet the taint on the word *profits* never seems to fade anymore, whether the speakers are discussing the hard-won small percentage of turnover made by highly competitive supermarkets or the regulated profits of natural monopolies. To decry profits at the same time that one seeks to restore or at least maintain the city's industrial employment is obviously futile. It makes the sympathetic observer of the city's economic problems wish that the leaves cut from the calendar could be reaffixed to it, so that modern New York could enjoy the same enthusiastic innocence with which the city greeted economic activity back in the nineteenth century.

The problems New York faces in restoring its industrial base are far more intractable than they were when the original industries were established. In the garment industry, there are still thousands of workers employed at union scale in New York City. There are also thousands of new arrivals, some of them undocumented aliens, who are willing to work below the regular union scale. The ILGWU has agreed to establish a special secondary wage scale, recognizing that the new workers are competing not with regular union members but with offshore labor working at even lower rates. But there's always fear that relaxing the wage standard will have a depressing effect on future contract negotiations with the employers of the union's scale-paid members. Organizing the workers in the ladies' garment industry was difficult enough before the passage of the Wagner Act, in the days when the workers were immigrants, unsure of their rights, and fearful of their future if they alienated their employers. Under present circumstances, a new difficulty has arisen. When the union permits employers to pay some workers a much lower wage than others doing similar work, it creates a division between its own members, making the better-paid members worry that their own pay scale will be imperiled by the union's acceptance of a lower scale. It also makes the lesser paid workers feel that the union is not truly solicitous of their welfare. The alternative, however, of dropping the lesser paid workers from the union altogether is equally dangerous. It may mean a loss of jobs to overseas production centers, or the growth of non-union employment practices that will even more seriously threaten the pay standards of the union's older members.

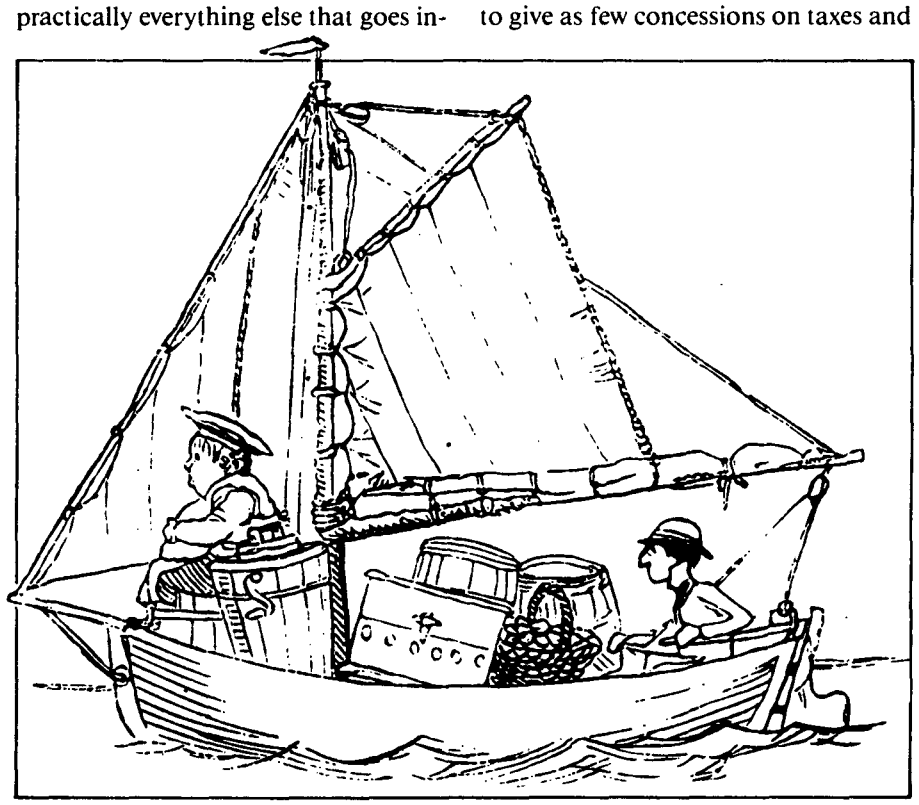
It is a fact that new garment shops are springing up on the edge of Chinatown in lower Manhattan, perhaps even in the houses in which Jewish immigrants once sewed overcoats a hundred years ago. No one wants to re-create the conditions that existed before the Triangle fire, but if cheap factory space cannot be found in which to use the cheap labor, how are the new arrivals to support themselves?

The city is unprepared in the 1980s to accept working conditions that were made illegal, bit by bit, over years of reform legislation. And yet it cannot do the opposite. It cannot build modern, highly subsidized manufacturing space for enterprises paying subnormal wages without running into opposition from those who claim that it is subsidizing management but not labor. Nor can it be too generous in its assistance to businesses that pay normal wages and that threaten to leave the city because of its high costs. When it assists a strong, prosperous enterprise, it opens itself to the accusation that it is simply wasting valuable resources, perhaps for corrupt reasons. When it assists a weak enterprise, it often stands accused of making the survival of the strong more difficult, perhaps impossible.

The difficulty of stimulating economic growth, or of even so modest a goal as simply hanging on to what the city already has in business and jobs, is best understood by reviewing the reasons why businesses leave. First must come the high wages prevalent in New York City, pushed up by the high cost of housing, transportation, and practically everything else that goes into the standard of living. High wages can be offset by high productivity, but in the relatively primitive industries left in New York today, there seems to be no clear way in which productivity can be improved and jobs simultaneously be made more plentiful. The cost of manufacturing space is high because land cost is high and so is construction. The costs of handling goods are high because of urban congestion as well as the inconveniences of multi-story buildings. Taxes are high because both local and state governments pay high wages, though not uniquely so, and then supplement them with unusually high pension and other fringe benefits. The state and local governments also conduct programs that other cities avoid, including paying a significant share of Medicaid and Aid to Families with Dependent Children. Finally, power costs are higher than just about anywhere else.

The simplest stimulant that city and state governments might apply to business is tax reduction, but that would leave so many other problems untouched that the prospect of doing so seems remote. Moreover, the city needs all the money it can lay its hands on to restore its own weary capital plant. The manifold services it provides—and that bulk so large in its expenses—seem to the New York mind more essential than cutting taxes. In a city in which 70 percent of the people live in rented apartments and do not know that they pay real estate taxes to the city every time they pay rent to their landlords, that spirit of largesse is practically invulnerable to the wiles of sober selfishness.

The city's inability to establish principles to guide its economic development policy leaves it trying to bargain with each business separately. It tries to give as few concessions on taxes and



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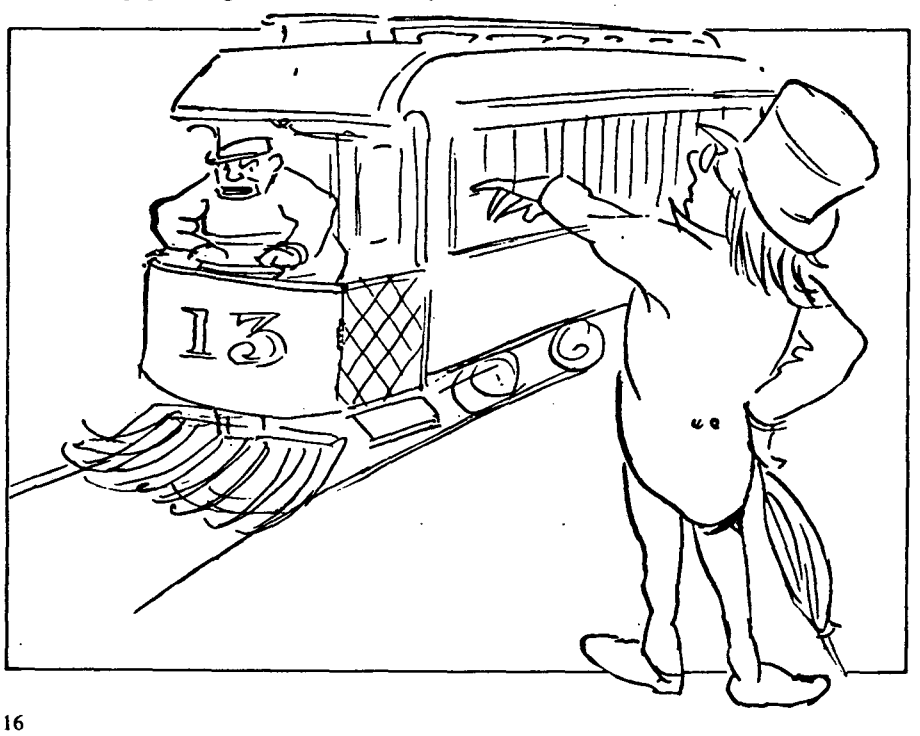
regulations as it can get away with. Business bargaining is not what city government does best. The official responsible for handling the negotiations, now called the deputy mayor for economic development, has to bargain in full view of the public, while corporate negotiations are carried on with all the discretion of wartime meetings between enemies.

If the deputy mayor is perceived as being too generous with such items as low-cost electricity from hydropower generated upstate, or too harsh in terminating previously negotiated promises, he will be criticized. Since the deputy mayor's income, or position with the city, is not dependent on the size of the city's "profit"—there is none—critics can always argue that too much generosity was shown for reasons at which they can only hint darkly. The consequences of this exposure to criticism—threats to livelihood and reputation—lead the deputy mayor to believe that the ordinary rules of business conduct do not apply. It's rare indeed to find a public official who has enough experience in the private sector to carry on these negotiations successfully and yet understands the ways of government well enough to know how to modify business practice sufficiently to mollify critics.

Not so surprisingly, therefore, the Koch administration has not succeeded in actually putting together, to the point of signing papers and getting the work underway, any of the large industrial development deals on which it has announced it was working. The same can be said of previous administrations. Matters that seem quite simple—the erection of bus shelters by private concessionaires who would sell advertising space and share the revenue with the city is one—have so far baffled the best efforts of the Beame and Koch administrations. Instead of getting shelters in all the boroughs that would keep passengers warm and dry while they wait for a bus, the city has gotten lawsuits and bad publicity. Manhattan residents have been legally entitled to purchase cable TV since 1970, but it has not been possible to get cable TV operators to sign final contracts covering the other boroughs. Whenever the city negotiators offer terms acceptable to the entrepreneurs, they are criticized for giving too much and asking too little.

This inability to get matters finally pinned down hints broadly that a city as large as New York, whose leaders represent so many groups of people with different interests and goals, simply cannot conduct negotiations with business firms in the way that a business firm can. The reason is fundamental. Though stockholders and directors may disagree over the best course for their company to follow, there's little disagreement about the ultimate goal: to maximize the financial return to everyone connected with the enterprise. For a city, even so banal a goal is impossible to frame universally. In the case of cable TV, for instance, some believe the city should seek maximum franchise fees. Others ask for maximum employment for minorities. Others demand priority for community broadcast facilities. Others think nothing is so important as the number of channels accessible to citizens who want to enlighten or shock their friends. By contrast, the negotiators on the business side simply want profit. Their job is easier to define, but in view of the uncertainty across the table, their goal is difficult to attain.

The British long ago recognized the difficulty that local governments face in trying to mobilize their inadequate resources to stimulate industrial development. Peter Hall, a geographer at Reading University, suggested that the national government could help by creating what he called Enterprise Zones. Within specially designated areas that were suffering from high unemployment rates and showing other signs of economic stagnation, Hall suggested, the government could provide sanctuary against the taxes and intrusive rules and regulations of welfare statism. Washington under the Reagan Administration has been proposing a similar set of zones for the United States. Several states had already established them within their borders, but since the states generally impose fewer restrictions on industry than does the federal government, mere exemption from state regulation is a rather small stimulus.



Enterprise Zones may prove helpful, even in New York, but they would be more helpful yet if the nation and particularly the city bothered to understand why such legislation came up for discussion in the first place.

So far, Congress has been unable to decide whether to make Enterprise Zones national policy. Nor, assuming that Congress decides in the affirmative, is there agreement on just which taxes or labor and environmental rules should be waived, or exactly how many zones there should be. Obviously, every state with economic woes wants its enterprise zones, or a fair share of them. But the more zones there are, the less attractive their benefits become; competition will tend to obscure their charm.

An even deeper set of questions underlies the problem of selecting a proper number of zones that will strike the right balance between effectiveness and political plausibility. One question raises the fundamental national policy question: Do Americans want their industrial development investments to be made in the cities that have always had their share of industries, at least until lately, or in those places that are most likely to be able to use the zones effectively? A second question asks: If it is necessary and desirable to exempt industries in some locations from regulatory restraints, why should it not be advisable to lift those restraints everywhere? A third question is: If the restraints are lifted only temporarily, until new enterprises establish themselves, will the same industries be able to withstand the shock of the reimposition of normal regulations? Puerto Rico's Operation Bootstrap offered tax concessions to mainland companies that opened plants on the island. Employment soared, but only as long as the special tax benefits lasted.

The Enterprise Zones may prove helpful, even in New York, but they would be more helpful yet if the nation and particularly the city bothered to understand why such legislation came up for discussion in the first place. The zones would not be necessary if the leadership of city and nation had not for years been taking for granted that the spirit of enterprise would always be loose in the United States. The question of why exemption from regulation—including environmental regulation—should be necessary to eliminate unemployment, balance the budget, and balance overseas trade is hidden under the proposal for the zones. Why should exemption be available only for the benefit of the weakest enterprises? Are special zones not more likely to encourage familiar types of enterprise that compete with other companies outside the zones? Are the zones needed by new enterprises in which highly motivated innovators are likely to run big risks in the hope of earning very substantial rewards?

In the present climate, it is hardly surprising that New York City's efforts to stimulate business with government intervention has produced so little. Perhaps if the national economy continues to reduce inflation and increase employment, the cultural attitude toward enterprise will soften. Tastemakers may look at entrepreneurs with respect in place of scorn.

It is not inconceivable that someone somewhere will invent something that can do for the city what the ski did for Vermont. That was an economically forlorn state resting on little more than its maple sugar until Europeans pointed out that skiing was fun and that Vermont was quite a convenient place for it. The ski revitalized overgrown farms and deserted villages with remarkable efficiency. If New York creates the right atmosphere, the city might be tempting to any number of daring entrepreneurs who have in the backs of their heads ideas for an urban equivalent of the ski. Until that equivalent arrives, the best thing the city can do to prepare a proper welcome for it is to cultivate a hospitable attitude toward the people who risk obloquy and scorn for devoting their lives to getting rich by finding a way to make what people want.

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Kent Owen

INDIANA'S BLOODY EIGHTH

As George Ade once said, "A lot of good men come from Indiana, and the better they are the faster they come."

Cold comfort was all that southwestern Indiana could count on this winter. Only in passing did that have to do with the weather, which was ferociously arctic enough to make the hardiest Hoosier hunker down indoors and stay put. What really vexed the half-million residents of Indiana's Eighth Congressional District was that there was no one to represent them in Washington City, although they had certainly tried to elect a congressman back in November. Or so they supposed.

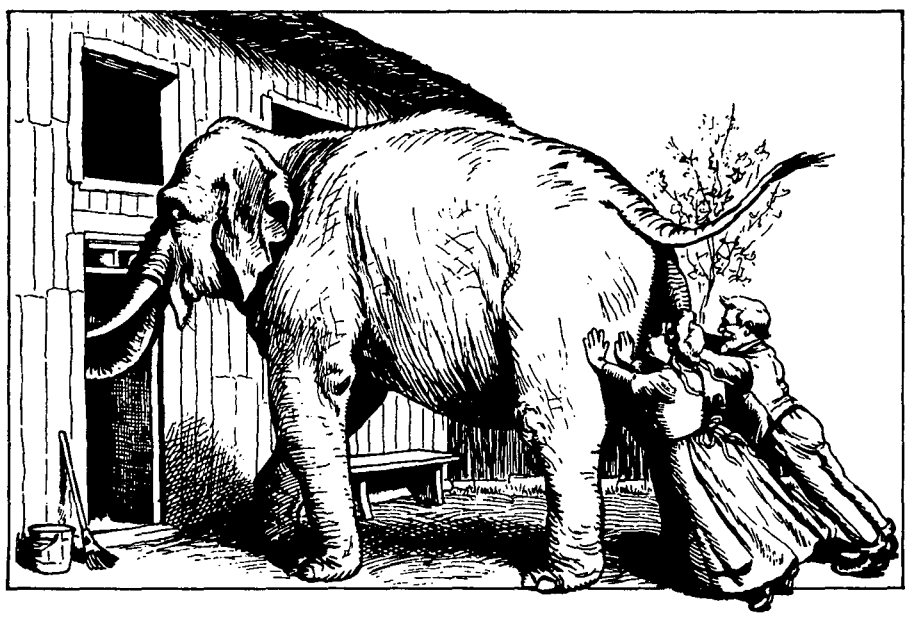
The predicament is irksome. The Democratic incumbent, Francis X. McCloskey, a 45-year-old former mayor of Bloomington, fought his Republican challenger, 28-year-old Richard D. McIntyre, a Bedford lawyer, to a draw. Although Rep. McCloskey seemed to have the slightest of edges two days after the election, the Indiana secretary of state Edwin Simcox, a Republican of serious mien, declined to certify him as the winner, preferring to wait until after a partial recount. The new tally favored McIntyre by 34 votes, and Simcox stamped his admission ticket to Congress. Such an outcome, McCloskey claimed, bore all the sinister marks of a GOP conspiracy, and he swore to seek redress in the House of Representatives. That was all he could swear for the time being, because when Rep. Jim Wright, the Democratic majority leader, objected to the seating of the certified Mr. McIntyre, the members of the body—hewing to party lines, of course—voted to seat neither claimant. Hence no one was sworn in for the Eighth District of Indiana, leaving its citizens unrepresented and its routine business in the nonpartisan care of the Clerk of the House.

On the whole, the McCloskey-McIntyre contest—barely Celtic in style, even at several removes—turned out to be polite, restrained, fairly fought, and, to old-timers of the Eighth District, disappointing for all of that. The day after the election, McCloskey had the lead by 72 votes, but as soon as Gibson County votes were straightened out (one precinct had been counted twice), McIntyre had surged ahead by 34 votes. In short order, all 15 counties in the district reopened the sealed boxes, machines, and envelopes, and court-appointed special commissioners tallied the returns all over again.

Acting under the different rules circuit judges set for them, the 15 recount commissions disallowed ballots not initialed by precinct workers, those improperly marked by voters, those not properly sealed in special envelopes, those obviously mismarked or mutilated. Or they declined to throw out such ballots, depending on whether they thought they could determine the voter's intention. Or not. All told, more than 5,000 votes were disqualified, almost 96 percent of which came in the nine counties in which the recounts were in the hands of Democrats. When the wheat was sifted from the chaff, the figures were McIntyre, 114,278; McCloskey, 113,860; Michael J. Fallahay (the Libertarian party candidate, and Gaelic to boot), 691. On the basis of this total, Indiana's secretary of state declared McIntyre the official winner and promptly gave him a certificate of election—the second time Simcox had so anointed him.

Commentators in distant places have taken to calling the 15-county district "The Bloody Eighth." Not even John Hunt Morgan's Confederate raiders caused enough trouble to sound that alarm. But volatility is another matter, and Colonel Morgan himself had supposed there were rebel-sympathizing copperheads in such numbers that they would desert the Union if they were to receive any real encouragement. While Morgan may have been sadly mistaken about the Southern Hoosiers of the 1860s, the inhabitants of the present day have turned their political coats so often in recent years it scarcely pays an incumbent to get his trousers mussed by trying to warm the seat.

What accounts for this outlandish behavior is an intriguing puzzlement. For sheer quirkiness the Eighth District is hard to beat, but not to be beaten in. From Bloomington, the home of Indiana University and other enterprises of transcendent merit in the northeastern corner, to Evansville, the district's largest city and hometown of the state's present governor, in the southwestern pocket on the Ohio River, is a grinding drive of 120 tortuous miles. On the Wabash River, which bounds the district along its western length, is Vincennes, former capital of the old Indiana Territory, whence William Henry Harrison marched off to glory.



Scattered round and about are such arresting places as French Lick and West Baden, spas once frequented by statesmen and gangsters athirst for Pluto water, though now more celebrated as Larry Bird's hometown; St. Meinrad and Haubstadt, effusively German enough to make a Uruguayan émigré feel at home; Bedford, limestone capital of the known world and site of half-finished pyramids and like doodads; New Harmony, the spiffily renovated village on the Wabash where Robert Owen conducted his short-lived Utopian community. (This monument to man's dream of perfectibility bears the distinction of having been created by socialists, but revived and sustained by capitalists, thanks to Jane Blaffer Owen's Humble Oil fortune.) Stuck off along the byways are such hamlets as Santa Claus, Loogootee, Zipp, Popcorn, Pinhook, Pumpkin Center, Bushrod, Beehunter, Bramble, and Poseyville.

In eastern Greene County at Solsberry, Cotton Yoho holds court at his general store and keeps the Republican flame while his son, Lavon, the current GOP county chairman, tends to business at the state highway garage over at Bloomfield. In the Hoosier National Forest—southern Indiana is still North America's largest deciduous woodland, or so Miss Elsie Sweeney used to claim—where Orange, Dubois, and Crawford counties come together, there is the crappie-laden Patoka reservoir. From that vantage point the late Seth Denbo, Republican

Kent Owen is a writer living in Bloomington, Indiana.

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chairman of the Eighth District for almost 25 years, could keep track of strange movements from any direction that threatened to reform his rascaldom. It is also the source of the Patoka River croup, which is said to cause chronic twanginess.

For all its hills and hollows, southwestern Indiana is scarcely the dark side of the moon. Sons and daughters of the region regularly grope their way toward the light. As George Ade once put it, "A lot of good men come from Indiana, and the better they are, the faster they come."

Of course, the prize exhibit is still the boy who in 1816 settled with his family on Little Pigeon Creek near Gentryville in Spencer County and left 14 years later when he was 21 for the richer land and better chances of Illinois. Invoking the sacrosanct name of Lincoln is an old Hoosier dodge, favored by Republicans, but used by Democrats in necessity. But then the Eighth District in its current configuration would have tried the abilities of Lincoln, who, after all, had a hard time winning elections in Illinois.

For one thing, there is no appealing to a single economic interest that unifies the entire district. Unlike the rest of Indiana—which has a higher percentage of land in tillage than any other state—the 15 southwestern Indiana counties are only marginally agricultural. Corn and soy bean production per acre falls way below the output of the state's central counties, and the farms are much smaller. The lay of the land is mainly at fault, because except for river bottoms it pitches and rolls and juts up too abruptly to let a plow cut a straight, level furrow. This knobby terrain of hillocks and steep ravines emerged after the breaking off of the last, great glacier. (Despite the rumors, Kentuckians had nothing to do with the accident.) However, there is still enough pasture land to support both feeder and dairy cattle in various parts of the district. The soil has the right properties for raising strawberries and blueberries around Campbellsburg and the delectable Decker melon in Knox County. Plucky folks who hanker for Indiana comestibles search the woodlands for persimmons, pawpaws, wild mushrooms, and morels, but it isn't big business. Neither is digging for ginseng roots, which are supposed to possess curative and aphrodisiacal powers. Probably the biggest cash crop that isn't marketed in the usual ways is marijuana, grown in outlying, tucked-away patches. Indiana boasts that it destroys more of the stuff than any other state.

With the abundance of timber, there is still plenty of lumbering going on, and veneer plants, furniture factories, piano makers, and related concerns claim a sizable share of the district's economy. Monroe and Lawrence counties continue to be major sites for limestone quarrying—there's probably more of this part of Indiana, or at least its underpinnings, now in Washington, New York, and Chicago than is left *in situ*—but the industry is hardly what it used to be.

Manufacturers of substantial volume are Westinghouse, RCA, General Electric, Otis Elevator, and Cook, Inc. (surgical appliances) in Bloomington; Kimball International (office systems, keyboard instruments, furniture) in French Lick; Carpenter school buses at Mitchell; Alcoa in Warrick County; and Whirlpool and Mead-Johnson pharmaceuticals in Evansville. Sprawling across the northern third of Martin County is Crane Naval Ammunition Depot, one of the Defense Department's larger installations. All these facilities draw their workers from far afield into the surrounding counties. So does the strip mining industry—or, as corporate spokesmen prefer to say, "surface mining"—which maintains a durable presence in the western part of the district.

For all the comic aspects of the controversy, there is a question of serious import: Can the Democrats frustrate the half-million people of Indiana's Eighth District and the authority of the whole state?

It comes as no surprise that anyone who dares to represent Indiana's Eighth Congressional District must confront a welter of contending forces. The Eighth sits atop too damned many fault lines, any one of which can split apart at any time. Labor unions make their demands known, but lack the clout of the UAW in Kokomo, Anderson, or Indianapolis. Religious differences persist, what with German Catholic parishes alongside Baptist, Methodist, and Disciples of Christ congregations throughout the hinterlands. Pentecostals, Jehovah's Witnesses, Seventh Day Adventists, Assemblies of God, Pilgrim Holiness, and exotic growths of Primitive Baptists are the more numerous sects, although the mainline denominations set the tone of the small towns. There are still a few Quaker meetings, long-settled Amish and Mennonite communities, a couple of Unitarian discussion groups, and enough snake-handling brethren of dauntless agility to ward off conventionality. Nowadays, however, no one seems to get riled up anymore over the Papist Menace, which was the Hoosiers' keenest prejudice in the late 'teens and twenties when the Klan was last seriously able to work its mischief. On the whole, grudging toleration is the order of the day, a condition Francis Xavier McCloskey had to count on when he first ran for Congress in 1982. Although McCloskey may be the first Roman Catholic elected to the seat, it was not an issue that came up in respectable company, which in this part of Indiana is often hard to come by.

What would have roused talk in an earlier day is that McCloskey is not a Hoosier, born and bred. Coming to Bloomington from Philadelphia in the early sixties to work as a newspaper reporter, he started to college at Indiana University and earned a law degree, began a family, went into practice with a good firm, and, when the 18-year-olds got the vote and local Republicans were at their customary loggerheads, he won his first of three elections as mayor. Despite fears that he would usher into city hall a rabble of radicals à la Berkeley, Madison, or Boulder, McCloskey became ever more pragmatic, accommodating, and engagingly approachable, much to the disbelief of almost anyone with a bank account. Taking to small-town politics as to a Philadelphia Mummers' parade (which it often resembles), the mayoral outlander introduced to Bloomington government a level of professional efficiency and effectiveness previously regarded as unnatural. It was as if the urban style of Philadelphia's Bill Green, Sr. and Richardson Dilworth had emerged in the unlikeliest of places. All the while, McCloskey, prickly as a bramble-bush, dodged in and out of scrapes with the insurgent Democrats on the city council who were discomfited by his spells of moderation and reasonableness.

By the start of his third term, McCloskey was in good shape to try to unseat Joel Deckard, the Eighth District's Republican congressman from Posey County. A former radio announcer whose plummy tones made him sound safe and sincere, Deckard was unable one night in late October 1982 to see a tree for the vodka. The ruckus over the wreck knocked down his lead in the polls and boosted McCloskey into office, to the tune of "What a little moonshine can do."

In Congress McCloskey has worked out a nifty balancing act, managing to play off the interests of small business, big business, agriculture, mining, education, environmentalism, economic development, and everything else in between against one another. He has brought this off with an attentiveness to constituent groups that combines the solicitude of old-style ward-heeling with the conscience-strickenness of a worker-priest. Somewhere in his set of mind there may also be a tincture of liberation theology, but probably not enough to put the archabbey at St. Meinrad on red alert. To the surprise of those who supposed McCloskey would side with Walter Mondale's special-interest/advocacy liberals, he was among the first congressmen to endorse Gary Hart for the 1984 presidential nomination. Which, when it comes to pigeon-holing, puts him in with the neoliberal problem-solving technocrats. Perhaps McCloskey has smelled the spore of yuppies in the woods, maybe down around Shoals where there's less algae in the gene pool.

Halting in speech but wry of humor, McCloskey has a whiff of the overage seminarian about him. His dour, pensive look suggests the bookish loner who muses over Thomas Merton, Hans Küng, and Walker Percy. If not a brass-bound intellectual he seems a reflective man, bemused by the antics and indignities of politics. Even so, serenity and grace do not enfold him, for his temper simmers and his tongue has a keen edge. Though he is short on animal magnetism, McCloskey is decidedly long on determination. In point of fact, he has sought to hold onto his seat in Congress with such furious passion that his very life seems to depend on it. Ungainly of gait and gesture, gawky and slouching, McCloskey deflects any hint of slickness or polish by appearing inventively ordinary—which may, all in all, be his settled strength, especially in the hinterlands of southwestern Indiana, where commonness is a mark of superiority.

Given the curious variety of the Eighth District, the problem any congressman faces in having to make himself known in only one term, and the notorious fickleness of the electorate, several Republicans went scrambling after McCloskey with three signing up for the primary. Out of the fray came Richard McIntyre, Bedford attorney in practice with his wife, sixth-generation Hoosier, family businessman, clean-cut and presentable to a fault. Younger than McCloskey by

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nearly 17 years, he had spent two terms in the Indiana General Assembly without obvious loss of moral fiber. Although he was hardly a wunderkind in the style of Birch Bayh or Bill Ruckelshaus, McIntyre did compile a sound record, especially with his "rainy day fund" bill, which helped to stabilize the state budget. That piece of work is an example of fiscal conservatism and prudent planning; moreover, it attested to the sense and savvy of a very junior state legislator.

Throughout the lengthening tug-of-war McIntyre has proved himself an exemplar of civility. Despite his unabashed boyishness, he has the gift of even-temper, making him seem older than his years. His bearing is self-possessed, his manner friendly but not heartily familiar. While McCloskey often gives the impression of a man looking for the nearest fire exit, McIntyre holds his own with assurance. His coolness is apparent in his speech, public and private alike: deliberate but not stilted, well-phrased but not packaged. What Rick McIntyre portrays is the model of a bright, attractive, competent Republican of the rising generation—just the sort of fine young man you'd want to marry your daughter, join your Rotary club, handle your case, or lead your son's Scout troop.

One is moved to dwell on such attributes because men of lesser mettle would be driven to distraction by the events of recent weeks. When the House refused to seat McIntyre, it referred the matter by a vote of 221-180 to its administration committee, which in turn assigned the mess to a three-man election task force chaired by Leon Panetta, Democrat of California. Four days later on February 11, McIntyre filed suit in the U.S. District Court in Washington against Speaker O'Neill, 221 Democratic congressmen, and the officials of the House, asking that their actions be declared "null and void on the grounds that they violate the rights of free speech and association and due process." In early March Judge June L. Green dismissed the lawsuit because the court "cannot interject itself into a matter which is within the primary dominion of the House of Representatives to judge the election of its members."

Promptly after the dismissal, Indiana Attorney General Linley E. Pearson filed suit with the U.S. Supreme Court against the House of Representatives at the behest of Governor Robert D. Orr. According to Pearson, like Orr, a Republican, "Our suit is based on the abridgment of Indiana's constitutionally guaranteed rights to due representation in the Congress and to conduct elections in the state." On March 4 when the House was supposed to nod through a "pro forma" session, Minority Leader Robert Michel of Illinois, usually an ingenuous fellow, surprised a skeleton garrison of Democrats by introducing a resolution on a privileged motion that would have seated McIntyre forthwith. Speaker O'Neill was nettled by this ploy to the point of flabbergastion. But after much scurrying and dragooning, the Democrats summoned enough of their forces to beat it back by a vote of 168 to 167. However, five Democrats discerned a matter of higher principle and cast their lots with the Republicans. One of them, Ron Mazzoli of Louisville, Kentucky, made a telling defection, because his influence is said to be on the rise among his colleagues. It should likewise be noted that the Indiana Democrat most admired for his statesmanship, Lee Hamilton of the adjoining Ninth District, has not only failed to detect such principle throughout the proceedings, but has opposed the seating of McIntyre in partisan language, a practice to which he is little given. This may be one of those occasions when a man must rise above his principles.

So sharp were the exchanges on the House floor and reportedly in the cloakroom that the patina of comity was plainly rubbed raw. What it appears to signify is that the House Republicans, especially those lately arrived, are not only determined to stand their ground, but also to take the offensive whenever they can. They are no longer going to let Tip O'Neill, Jim Wright, and their liegemen work their will without a pitched battle.

If the Republicans needed to be reminded of what they were up against, that came quickly on March 11 when Chairman Leon Panetta and his fellow Democrat, William Clay of Missouri, met with the lone Republican, William Thomas of California, to force the task the House Administration Committee had set them. Despite the fact Indiana law requires each valid ballot to have the initials of both election board clerks, Representatives Panetta and Clay decided that disputed ballots without either the clerks' initials or even precinct numbers would be counted so as to "be fair to voters." So much for state law. The odd man out, Bill Thomas, counterproposed that a ballot showing at least one clerk's initials or even just the number of the precinct should be eligible for the recount. The Democrats said no, their way was the right way. So much for reasonableness. When his majoritarian colleagues gave no sign of yielding, Thomas took his leave from the force: "On any point of substance, I'm going to lose 2 to 1. . . . [The Democrats] have created a set of rules to count what they want to count. . . . Obviously, I was wrong" to suppose the recount would be fair. Q.E.D.

For Republicans and fair-minded Democrats, the Eighth District affair is not to be treated as merely another procedural matter to be disposed of routinely. That is, according to the arbitrary will of the Democratic majority, regardless of all other considerations. The action of the House Democrats can be regarded as a violation of due process, a deprivation of the citizens' right to representation, and an interference in the government of a state. Hence for all the comic aspects of the controversy, there is a question of serious import: Can the Democrats frustrate the half-million people of Indiana's Eighth District and the authority of the whole state? Such a feat of power politics in its highhandedness is unmatched in Indiana's often raffish dealings with Congress. For Hoosiers who thought they'd seen everything there was to see in politics, it is, indeed, a revelation. At least next time they'll know for certain what Congress has done for them lately.

Maybe the best proposal to date, one that bespeaks the old Hoosier spirit, is that the citizens of the Eighth District should withhold their taxes for every day they go unrepresented in Congress. Like the district itself, that combines about the right amounts of orneriness and hoss sense. But, as they say back East, it all remains to be seen. And to be believed. It surely does. □

WILLIAM EZRA JENNER, R.I.P.

When William Ezra Jenner died on March 9, Indiana's farmlands and woodlots, county seats and bigger towns should have shaken with a jazzy tremor. All the wild energy that rushed Bill Jenner into Hoosier politics in the thirties and into the U.S. Senate in the forties and fifties should have whooshed away in one last burst. It didn't happen that way, but it could have, at least in the minds of those Americans who recall the spellbinder in his antic prime. When the fit was on him, Jenner was unbeatable.

Bill Jenner was the conservative Republican prototype for Barry Goldwater, Ronald Reagan, Jack Kemp, and, God save the mark, Jesse Helms. During two terms in the Senate and then some he strenuously urged the reduction of federal government, the upkeep of military preparedness, and the integrity of the Constitution. His favorite printable phrase was "The Constitution says . . . " which would then be filled out by whatever wisdom Madison, Hamilton, Jay, or John Marshall had personally confided to him.

But his paramount concern was the spread of Communism. Even after more than 25 years out of public office, he could still inflame otherwise sedate listeners with his passionate conviction that Communism, wherever encountered, must be stopped with full force and put to rout. He believed that anyone who temporized or appeased was giving aid and comfort to mortal enemies. Never discreet in his opinions—which delighted his fans and appalled his opponents—he even lambasted Gen. George C. Marshall as a "living lie." In the heat of his day only Senator Joe McCarthy, with whom he kept up a strained alliance, was more reviled by American liberals. As chairman of the Senate Internal Security Committee in 1953-54, Jenner bedeviled the American left, sometimes overreaching himself to the chagrin of more correctly behaved Republicans.

Hubert Humphrey, who frequently tussled with Jenner on the Senate floor and in committee, was his sole rival as the Senate's champion orator. Both were startling in their spontaneity, able in the flash of the moment to cut and thrust and parry. But with the makings of a demagogue, Jenner somehow took his own measure and through ethical restraint, exhaustion, the onset of propriety, or simple regret, held back before he caused any lasting harm.

In his way he was straight out of Chaucer—"The Senator's Tale" would have been a doozy—for he was earthy as a barnyard, ribald of language, bawdy of anecdote, crackling with sly, raucous humor. His mind was quick, facile, and playful, dancing with trenchant wit and clever connections. No one ever dared to accuse Bill Jenner of profundity or urbanity, but on his own ground dealing with what he knew, he could be fearsomely bright. After all, down around Marengo in Crawford County where he was born and in Lawrence County where he settled down to practice law, the respect for abstract thought was roughly on a par with cricket and Kentuckians. Hence it was little wonder that he viewed the convolutions of ideology, especially in more liberal and utopian forms, as so much hogwash and tomfoolery. That sort of wishful thinking, he allowed, was plainly contrary to human nature and apt to prove downright unwholesome. It was one thing to revere the human mind, but quite another to let that go to a man's head.

All the same Jenner recognized and religiously observed the sanctity of principles, according, of course, to his own lights. In the Hoosier political arena where the game is rough-and-tumble, he was ever a man of his word, true to his friends and hard on his foes. He had grown up in an Indiana that was deep-rooted in the organic mulch of neighborhoods, small towns, and kinfolk relations, an Indiana that generally lived out what it believed in. You could feel estranged from those traditional values and choose to reject them, but you could not deny the force of their existence.

No matter how wrong-headed or obstreperous Bill Jenner may have been on occasion, no matter how harsh his words may have seemed at the time, he was, above all, a man of unyielding integrity, as forthright in presence and sound as a rogue elephant at full charge. Whether patriot or pariah, Jenner was the real prophet of the new Republican populist conservatives, like it or not. Yesiree, that old Bill, bless his ornery hide, was sure a caution. That he was.

—KO

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Benjamin J. Stein

LIVING ON HALF A MILLION A YEAR

But beware of tax-shelter friends, and keep your dog away from Love on a Leash.

This is a story of illusion.

When I was a child, my parents considered me hopelessly spendthrift. They were right. No matter how much allowance I got, it was not enough. No matter how much money was budgeted for popcorn, a candy bar, and a soft drink at the movies on a Saturday afternoon, there would always have to be still more popcorn, Jujubes, licorice, and a soft drink for every frightening part of *The Creature from the Black Lagoon*. The situation did not improve in college. I got an adequate allowance, but it was never enough. It was supposed to allow for subway rides from Morningside Heights to Barney's. It certainly did not provide for taxicab rides from school to Paul Stuart. In law school, I worked and got an allowance and had a generous LBJ-era loan, but I still found myself writing those horrible letters home . . . "I know you have already sent my allowance but unexpected . . . "

The problem, as I always saw it, was that I was entitled to a certain kind of life-style. That way of life might be called "young heir away at school with forbearing, absent-minded trustee." Unfortunately, I was the child of extremely pragmatic, salary-earning economists who had grown up in the Depression, most decidedly without a forbearing trustee of their own, not to mention a trust. Put another way, the problem was that I felt I had every right by taste and education to live as if I had a lot of money, only I had no money.

For the first six years out of law school, this problem dogged me mercilessly. I passed by Duke Zeibert's and La Bagatelle and watched the lobbyists step out of their Cadillacs to eat squab. I put my Subaru in gear and headed home for Hamburger Helper—Beef Stroganoff Flavor. When I moved to New York, I watched the investment bankers cruise by in their Porsches on the way to Lakeville for the weekend. I was then a columnist for the *Wall Street Journal*, and I could afford to go to one movie per weekend and then have Shake 'n' Bake chicken.

When I passed by Tiffany's and saw men walking out with beaming women carrying little robin's egg blue boxes, when I passed by La Cote Basque and saw couples radiant with prosperity, the cruelty of my own middle-class poverty was excruciating. From my very own apartment, I could see the limousines picking up the haute bourgeoisie at Lincoln Center while I thumbed through *TV Guide*.

At the age of thirty-one, I felt as if I were destined to stand with my nose pressed against the windows of privilege forever, when by all possible claims of wishing and needing, I should be inside.

Then, in one swoop, everything changed, and that is the story of illusion.

In a few weeks time, I sold a novel for a small advance, sold a script to a studio, sold another novel simply on a phrase, became a consultant to a major Hollywood producer, and went cruising through the revolving doors of the Good 'n' Plenty Restaurant.

Not only that, but I was earning the money in a totally different environment. Instead of spending time with cautious penny-pinchers in lower Manhattan, I spent my days with real estate playboys, super-hot agents and producers like Michael Shamberg and Allen Greisman, and women with inherited money whose idea of a winter's work was to find a perfect seal point cat.

Where my parents or my friends from the East might have considered a cross-country airplane flight an extravagance unless it was a $200 Super-Saver special for a VERY IMPORTANT REASON, my new friends thought I was incredibly clever and shrewd simply to fly First Class at twelve hundred dollars the ticket to see a show. After all, I might have gotten a Gulfstream, like my pal Barron Thomas.

Where my parents would have had a good reason to eat out at any restaurant at all, my new friends and colleagues thought that to spend one hundred dollars for dinner for two with a fair wine at Ma Maison was the most Spartan kind of bare nourishment. After all, you could fly to Las Vegas and have dinner while watching Sammy or Shecky.

This way of life did not seem to me like something reckless or unforeseen. If it had, I might have realized that it might some day end. Instead, it seemed like what I had always been owed. It was a debt of fortune that was at long last being paid, with modest interest. When I got to the stage of earning more in a lucky week than I had earned in my first full year out of law school, it seemed to me as if that was equilibrium, the natural state of things that would continue forever.

Norman Podhoretz, no slouch in the observations department, said that it took about twenty minutes to accustom yourself to a life of luxury after a life of care. I would say twenty seconds.

Not that there aren't adjustments—when I first moved to Los Angeles, the Shake 'n' Bake boxes went to the back of the cupboard. But it took three years to realize that I should not go from there to Hamburger Hamlet or The Old World or even The Mandarin. Instead, by 1980, I should be going to La Scala or Mr Chow or The Palm every night. Nor would we even think of doing anything as tacky as worrying about what the meal cost. It took practically no time at all before my bill each month from Mr Chow alone was larger than my mortgage payment. But then again, this was apparently meant to be my permanent way of life, which meant that I would surely always be able to afford it.

Our transportation habits changed. In the East, I had my Subaru, which was dark blue, and my wife had a light green Pinto. How humiliatingly wrong that was for people like us. As soon as the checks could be written out, we had a Mercedes 450 SLC for me and a white Jaguar XJ-6C for my wife. It had red leather upholstery and walnut burl on the dashboard and who cared if it cost seven hundred dollars to repair the windshield wipers, as it surely did. Who even noticed if Beverly Hills Mercedes charged me eight hundred dollars for a tune-up with no complications? Life was meant to be lived, not worried over. Anyway, compared with my old friend Michael Miller, who had two Rolls-Royces, we were practically taking the bus.

Housing required surgery at least as drastic. In the East, we had somehow managed in one-bedroom apartments with occasional trips to resorts where we stayed in *hotels*. Now, with the standard of living for which we were destined, that was out of the question.

Our house in Los Angeles was modest enough—three bedrooms, two baths, and a study overlooking the

Benjamin J. Stein is a writer and producer in Hollywood.

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Valley lights. To make up for it, we bought a five-bedroom house in the West End of Aspen, where every neighbor had four syllables in his last name followed by a number. The house was a Victorian with a modern addition. It needed work, and we hired a contractor to get it looking spiffy.

Before that contractor had even begun (he never finished), we also bought a house (well, really a condo) in Rancho Mirage, a tony offshoot of Palm Springs.

Counting all three houses, the one on Pacific View Drive, the one on West Hallam Street, and the one on Racquet Club Drive, we now had ten bedrooms and six bathrooms and twelve telephones for two persons and a Weimaraner dog. We also had a Jenn-Air in Aspen, an automatic, nonstop icemaker in Rancho Mirage, and seven television sets, all color, all hooked up to the cable, including Home Box Office, all kept up to the minute in case their lordships, me and my wife, should want to come to town on the spur of the moment. We also had gardeners and a maid regularly at each house, and snow clearance in Aspen and grass cutting in Rancho Mirage.

When the houses were all fully up and running, we had bills pouring in from the phone companies, electric companies, gas companies, local tax collectors, roof repairmen, underground sprinkler installers, fence menders, lawyers protecting us from lawsuits from neighbors, property managers, and alarm services. By the end of 1980, we were spending as much maintaining the two houses where we almost never were as my wife had recently earned as an associate at a major Wall Street law firm.

Once I realized that I was supposed to live like Scott and Zelda, it was clear that I should never have to be lonely. Since my wife sometimes left the house, I hired a secretary. The secretary's job was to follow me around and listen to any ideas I might have that could be made into movies or TV shows. She was required to be present at any hours I wanted her. She did not type or file, but she did know to suggest that at lunch time we should go to Ma Maison.

After a stretch of one year away from Aspen, my wife and I decided that we might enjoy it more if we drove across country with the dog. Of course, taking the Mercedes or the Jaguar was out of the question. What if they should break down on rough mountain roads? Instead, we bought a new, top-of-the-line Jeep Wagoneer Limited with imitation wood paneling and leather seats. We drove it once across country, then paid a woman in Aspen to drive it back to Los Angeles. We sold it after we had owned it for three months.

The secretary quit to live with a wealthy real estate promoter. I hired three college girls to work for me on rotating shifts so that I should never have to be without company. A typical day's work assignment for the girls was:

1) take the car to car wash;
2) cash check at bank;
3) take dog to beach [did I mention we had also rented a house in the Malibu Beach Colony?];
4) give dog flea bath;
5) buy champagne at Liquor Locker;
6) buy Chew Toys at Love on a Leash.

Each girl was paid ten dollars per hour.

Meanwhile, one of our friends who had grown wealthy making up videotape tax shelters had been watching our style of life. His own wife had recently taken up the connoisseurship of antique marquetry. They had huge slabs of it in the living room of their mansion in Bel Air, where they had three live-in help, including a full-time plumber/electrician. "We're making a fortune on this stuff," he said, pointing at the wood carved panels. "You should do the same."

"I don't know anything about it," I said.

"Then you should try speculating in commodities," he said. "Then you'll have a source of income so you won't have to write all the time."

"Aren't they incredibly dangerous?" I asked.

"Not if you do it carefully. Only put up a hundred thousand or so at first," he said. "In something safe like gold, which only goes up."

Three days after I bought gold at the highest price of all time, it had the largest fall that any metal commodity has ever had since records have been kept. If you have never had a seven a.m. margin call from your broker on a commodities contract, you have never known fear. In two days of trading, we lost as much money—not on paper, really lost—as I had earned in my first two *years* out of law school.

"But that's part of the fun of it," said my tax-shelter friend. "You have to expect to lose at the beginning." He added, as if talking to a small child, "You don't understand. That's the fun of it."

But I understood. The afternoon I sold out of my gold "position," I went to see my bookkeeper. (Naturally I did not do anything as tacky as keep track of my expenses myself.) She read the monthly expenses out of her spread sheets, by category:

Florist—$600
Jewelers—$850
Mortgages on houses and rent—$11,600
Travel—$6000
Meals and entertainment—$4200
Dog-sitting and messenger—$1800 . . .

I stopped her at that point. Again, I understood everything. The day I heard the mellow-voiced CBS radio announcer talk about the gold, the day I got the margin call, the day my bookkeeper told me I was spending money like a sheik's son, spending every cent I earned and then some, was the day it finally dawned on me that getting and spending were not as much fun as they were supposed to be.

Norman Podhoretz once said that it took about twenty minutes to accustom yourself to a life of luxury after a life of care. I would say about twenty seconds.

I said this was a story of illusion, and it is. It is a story of delusion as well, about just what it means to live as if the money were never going to run out and you were a figure in a magazine advertisement.

For one thing, you get incredibly tired. The money I spent was not inherited. I had to work for it night and day, in Aspen, in Chelsea, in Rancho Mirage, in the Wagoneer. I had become a literal peon trying to pay for the lifestyle of a prince.

Not only that, but the money did not always come when I needed it. I had long cold streaks, when my savings would disappear like water down a drain. I was having one of those when I got my margin call. I was not, and am not, a particularly successful writer. I simply worked incredibly hard and it took a toll.

The work and the iffy nature of my payment, combined with a steady torrent of spending, meant that editors and publishers and real estate brokers could control how many hours I slept each night. I did not like the dry feeling in my throat when I got a call from Creative Artists telling me Warner had said no to a script sale I was counting on to make three mortgage payments.

Not only that, but people rip you off when you pretend you're rich. Our "property manager" in Aspen thought nothing of charging us two hundred dollars a month for snow removal when there was no snow on the ground. By the end of our time in Aspen, he put tenants in our house against our orders, without permission, and without giving us a dime of rentals. The repair department at Beverly Hills Mercedes was like a third signature on our checking account even when nothing was wrong with the car.

We thought we were rich because we took limousines from the first-class lounge to the Helmsley Palace to La Cote Basque. We thought we were rich because we spent all our days with men and women who paid eighty thousand dollars to redo a powder room, and we thought that because we were rich, we were happy. But we were not rich and we were not happy. We were tired and victimized and frightened. You're rich when you have spent enough to sleep comfortably at night, and we were up at two in the morning, wide awake.

We sold the house in Aspen and the condo in Palm Springs. We stopped renting the house in the Malibu Beach Colony. In a hundred ways, our life changed. We stopped eating at Mr Chow and La Scala unless we could charge it. We decided that not every Valentine's Day was an occasion for a diamond bracelet or a videotape outfit. We put an iron clamp of three hundred dollars a month on our florist bills. We left the dog without sitters.

We were lucky. We made money on the place in Aspen. We made a nickel on the house in Palm Springs, before the collapse there. The girls who sat with the dog told me stories of college life I was able to sell to studios.

From our years of living like the grandson of a successful wildcatter, we have a file cabinet filled with used first-class airplane tickets, American Express bills that would embarrass Karl Malden, and yellow repair bills from Beverly Hills Mercedes.

We also know to be extremely wary of the room with the windows we had been looking through. There are a lot of worried people in there. The tax-shelter promoter is broke, in extremely serious legal trouble, long gone from his fabulous house in Bel Air. The man who spent eighty thousand on his bathroom is divorced, alone, drinking heavily.

My wife and I spend our evenings at home, eating Diet Lasagna and reading. When a producer or a publisher says no, we yawn.

"All great men have spent money freely. I hate avarice or even caution." F. Scott Fitzgerald said that. He died at forty-four of a heart attack brought on in part by overwork and worry about money. "If you can't sleep at night, you're spending too goddamned much." I said that. □

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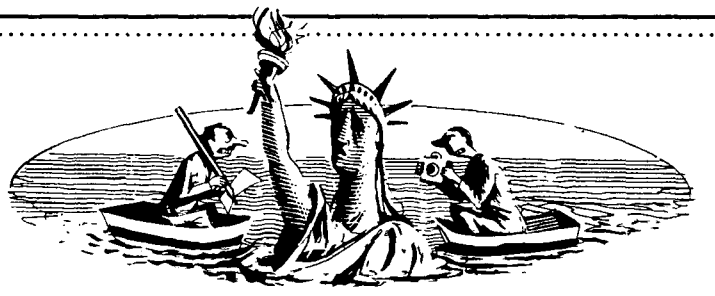
PRESSWATCH



ONE LAST ZING

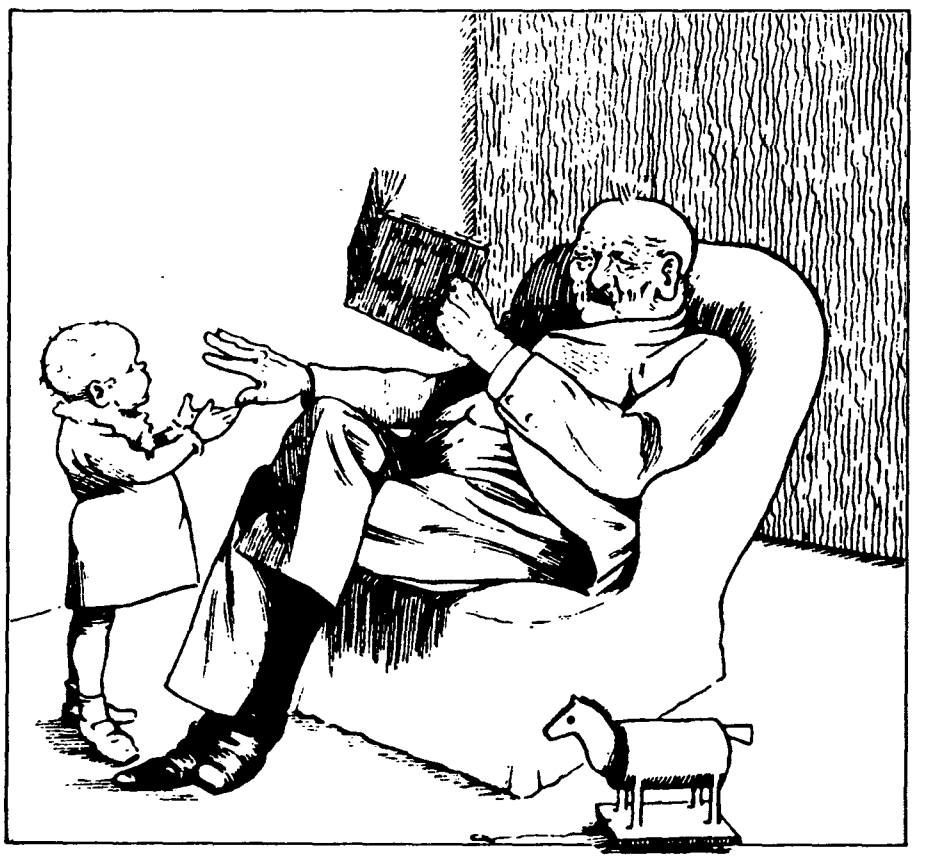
by Fred Barnes

Please restrain your excitement, but there is good news and bad news. For those repelled by the slurs against America's journalistic establishment and its selfless practitioners that have often appeared in this space, the good news is that your long nightmare is over. Having left the *Baltimore Sun* (a very fine newspaper, by the way) and joined the *New Republic*, I'm putting some limits on my press bashing. Let somebody else get a reputation as a cheap scold and *TAS*'s designated enemy of the First Amendment. Nobody asked me to anoint a successor, but I think Ariel Sharon has the requisite objectivity about the press to handle the job. (Just kidding.)

So much for the good news. The bad news is that I've got a few parting thoughts. Why bother? you ask. Haven't I done *enough* harm? Probably, but there are a few large phenomena that occurred over the last few years that I never got around to taking notice of. The small stuff always seemed to capture my attention, like the press bludgeoning of supply-side economics and the media hysteria over cuts in social-spending programs. Along the way, in the 1980s yet, some important things happened.

One was that a President managed to dodge all the bullets fired by the Washington press corps, run the country successfully, and sustain remarkable personal popularity. Ronald Reagan did this, and it's no small achievement. Remember, those of you who may question this, there hadn't been a popular success in the White House since John F. Kennedy, and I'm giving him the benefit of the doubt. Anyway, it's more than a coincidence that Kennedy's presidency was the last before two events transformed the attitude of the press. The events were the Vietnam war and the Watergate scandal, and they took the media's traditional stance of skepticism and turned it into what is euphemistically known as the "adversarial relationship" that reporters maintain toward those in authority. Those in power became the enemy, never to be believed, always to be reviled. And given the additional factor of the longstanding bias against conservatives—most journalists are liberals, after all—it's easy to imagine what Reagan faced when he entered the White House.

Yet he triumphed where Lyndon Johnson, Richard Nixon, Gerald Ford, and Jimmy Carter failed so miserably. How come? The economic recovery and the lack of a lingering, losing war helped. But there was more to it than that. Reagan was astonishingly popular even at the pit of the recession in 1982. The national esteem for him endured the tragic loss of hundreds of Marines during the bollixed Lebanon adventure. Reagan simply had something others didn't. Two things really, conviction and personality. He believes in something, and he is willing to act on this belief. People recognize this trait. And lots of them like it even if they don't agree with Reagan on many of the things he believes in. Unlike Reagan, yuppies aren't in the forefront of the anti-abortion movement and don't clamor for voluntary school prayer, yet they are crazy about the guy.



Now, I'm not arguing that the majority of Reagan enthusiasts like him despite his ideology. That notion, bandied about last year by the media, is a liberal fantasy. For most people, the nice thing about Reagan is that he is a President who believes not only in something, but in the right something. Among conservatives, the conventional tack is to downgrade the significance of Reagan's personality as a factor in his popularity. They want the success of his presidency to be seen as the result of conservative principles applied judiciously, not of a pretty face shown to good effect on television. Well, sorry, but the fabled Reagan personality has played a part, especially in subduing the press. Better than any politician in America, Reagan uses the frenzied press mob as a foil. Reporters are fevered; he is calm. They try to mug him with "facts"; he answers with themes. They call him detached, out-of-it, an excessive delegator of authority; people see him as a leader. Reagan's approach is never to bicker with the press, never to treat the media as a foe. Smile, joke, ignore the barbs, and go about your business. It works.

Less clearcut than Reagan's knockout of the omnivorous Washington press corps is the shift away from the dominance of liberal thinking in the media. There's been a swing toward conservatism; the national conservative trend has been too strong not to have touched the mainstream press. But it's hardly what Milton Gwirtzman cracked it up to be in an op-ed piece in the *New York Times* last March. "Not since the days of William Randolph Hearst and Col. Robert McCormick has the right-wing viewpoint been more prominent in American journalism," he wrote. "In much of the media, conservative opinion-makers are either even or pulling ahead of their rivals, both in audience and impact. . . . The clash of views in the nation's media, overall, is nearly even, and that is healthy." Not quite, Milt. Have you ever listened to National Public Radio, watched the news shows on the TV networks (especially CBS), or read the news sections (not the editorial pages) of the major national newspapers, namely the *Washington Post*, *New York Times*, and *Wall Street Journal*?

There's been some change, but not that much. Gwirtzman correctly points to new outlets that give conservatives more of a voice in the media—*USA Today*, the religious broadcasters, the *Washington Times*. But he doesn't seem to understand what this suggests. Conservatives, particularly religious ones, have been so stymied in their efforts to be paid even minimal attention by the establishment media that they've had to go to the extraordinary trouble of setting up their own counterculture media.

However seriously you take the

Fred Barnes, former national political correspondent for the Baltimore Sun, *is now a senior editor at the* New Republic.

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ideological realigning that has taken place in the press, there is one aspect of it that is lovely to look at. This is the role reversal. It used to be that conservatives felt embattled by the media, paranoid about liberal reporters in pursuit of them, and fearful that conservatives could never gain power in America so long as liberals controlled the media. No longer. Now, the press is embattled, paranoid, and fearful. Folks at CBS are trembling at the thought of Jesse Helms's quixotic stab at taking over that network. In truth, he has about as much chance of gaining control of CBS as Jimmy Carter does of being elected President again. But when a Washington political consultant talked recently to a CBS official about Helms, he found the network fellow worried about his job. "What do you think it'll be like to work for Helms?" the consultant joked. "Do you think he'll really be able to buy the network?" the official replied, his voice quavering. Does this vignette sound too good to be true? Well, trust me; it's true. And there is more where that came from. There is hushed talk in the press about a right-wing campaign to take over the media in this country. You know, buy up the networks and major newspapers and pressure public TV and radio into hewing to the right ideological line. There's no right-wing conspiracy, of course. This is crackpot talk. But I love it.

One final thought: There is too much news these days. People are bombarded from morning to night with the stuff. Worse, they are made to believe by the nation's overeducated class that they need to keep up hourly with the flow of events in the world. If they don't, they've failed the test of good citizenship. Certainly most reporters believe this. You ought to hear political reporters sneer at the people who aren't political junkies but are mere casual voters, like most Americans. These folks are deemed frivolous. Why, they may not be worried about "nuclear winter" or may not know which presidential candidates took PAC money and which didn't. But do people really need to know all the useless information that passes for news? Not at all. Looking at most any newspaper for a few minutes every day or catching news highlights on radio or TV is enough to keep most people abreast. There's the additional advantage of not having your brain cluttered with worries about non-existent perils such as toxic waste and news that isn't new like Yassir Arafat's latest cynical muttering about peace in the Middle East. And the best part is that this leaves time for the more important things in life—God, family, and basketball. □

CONSTITUTIONAL OPINIONS

WAS A NEW SUPREME COURT ELECTED IN 1984?

by Jeremy Rabkin

Having won his re-election, Ronald Reagan will preside over the ceremonies in 1987 marking the 200th anniversary of the federal Constitution. Doubtless the parchment text in the National Archives will be dusted off for the occasion. But whether we will have begun to refurbish our working constitutional order by then remains much in doubt. Can Reagan start to efface the decades of Supreme Court graffiti that have obscured the original masterwork of the Founders? Last fall's campaign suggests this will be very difficult. It also makes one wonder how serious Reagan is about the challenge.

The Mondale campaign surely provided a foretaste of the opposition to come. Having relied on the Supreme Court for so many years to help effectuate their policies, liberals are unlikely to give it up without a very bitter fight. Thus it is most of all in his scare talk about the Supreme Court that candidate Mondale, who so often assured us he would rather "lose with decency than win without it," showed these were not, after all, his only alternatives. His charge that Jerry Falwell would decide Reagan's second term Court appointments was shameless demagoguery, of course, as well as ineffectual politics. When it came right down to it, surely most people saw less threat from a Reagan court, however selected, than from the kind of justices likely to be appointed by Mondale—a long-time champion of forced busing, bureaucratic power, and cost-is-no-object entitlements. Still, the bogey of the Falwell Court may have helped reinforce Mondale's hold on black and Jewish voters last fall. And similar demagogic appeals may make an intimidating difference in Senate confirmation proceedings for High Court nominees—particularly if Republicans lose control of the Senate in 1986.

In truth, it is probably a mistake to dismiss all of Mondale's rhetoric in this area as calculated demagoguery. Surely he must have known the Falwell charge was, at bottom, preposterous, but contemporary liberals have managed to persuade themselves of a great many bizarre conclusions where *their* Constitution is concerned. Thus when Mondale charged (in his first televised debate with Reagan) that the Republican platform imposed a "religious test" for judicial appointments, it is just possible he really believed it himself. The implications of this charge are so ugly, it is hard to imagine anyone but a true believer would have dared to make it so directly before so many millions of viewers.

The relevant plank of the Republican platform called for judges who "respect the sanctity of human life," and doubtless most of the Convention did understand this as a call for judges opposed to abortion. But why call this a "religious test"? Mondale's reasoning seemed to be that a position prominently embraced by particular religious sects must for that reason be an inadmissible political standard. Of course, Mondale himself would have been one of the first to denounce any politician (or at least any white politician) who characterized Democratic support for Israel as a "religious test" in foreign policy. But on abortion, as on several other constitutional issues, many liberals really do seem to think their opponents are not merely mistaken in their conclusions but inadmissible participants in the debate. Thus a distinguished Harvard law professor once defended the Court's abortion decision on the grounds that "the inescapable involvement of religious groups in the debate over abortion rendered the subject inappropriate for political resolution." What was that about "religious tests" in public life?

If Mondale's bluster was dismaying, however, Reagan's responses were hardly reassuring. Whenever the issue of Court appointments came up in the campaign, the President simply pointed to the "excellent" performance

Jeremy Rabkin is assistant professor of government at Cornell University.

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of Sandra Day O'Connor—without venturing any indication on the judicial opinions or personal characteristics meriting such praise. Where Mondale hinted darkly at conspiracy, Reagan seemed to display serene detachment. Where Mondale denounced ideological criteria for appointment to the Court, Reagan seemed to disclaim almost any definite standards.

What ought we to expect, then, from High Court appointments over the next few years? The conventional wisdom is that every President tries to reshape the Court to his liking and every President is more or less foiled in this effort, as his appointees take on the independence conferred by a life-tenured office. On both counts, in fact, the conventional wisdom is largely wrong. Most Presidents have not pursued a well-considered appointment strategy, but the ones who did often played the game with considerable success. In this century, President William Howard Taft had the chance to appoint six new justices and, on the whole, could not have been more satisfied with their decisions had he helped write them himself—which he, in fact, proceeded to do (to the general satisfaction of the Court) after his own elevation to Chief Justice in 1921. Franklin Roosevelt, who ultimately had the chance to make nine appointments, reshaped the character of the Court and the Constitution more dramatically than any President in our history. His appointees continued patiently nurturing Democratic constituencies and advancing New Deal visions until they retired from the Court—the last of them thirty years after Roosevelt's death. Yet all but two members of the current Court were appointed by Republican Presidents. And only in the fantasy world of the left—where a "centrist" line is conceived as simply a slower lane to socialist utopia—can the present Court be viewed as conservative.

Some appointment opportunities were sacrificed to transient electoral or party concerns—to low politics, that is. Eisenhower's nomination of Earl Warren to be Chief Justice, for example, was inexplicable except in relation to GOP party politics, where Warren, as Republican governor of California, had exerted major influence on Ike's behalf in 1952. A subsequent Eisenhower appointment went to William Brennan, then an unknown state judge in New Jersey, reportedly because administration strategists calculated that his family background would impress Catholic voters in eastern states. Nixon's nomination of Lewis Powell followed this pattern: As a former president of the American Bar Association, Powell was a Southerner who was sure to be confirmed, even by a suspicious Senate, and Nixon was more concerned at that point to find a justice from the South than an actual opponent of forced busing or racial balancing schemes. Predictably, Powell proved to be neither.

President Ford seemed to treat his one nomination to the Supreme Court as too important for politics, but the effectual significance of this approach was simply low politics in a different form. Anxious to distance his administration from the scandals of the Nixon years—which saw two successive Attorneys General end up in jail—Ford chose a notably non-political man to head the Justice Department, Edward H. Levi, president of the University of Chicago. And when a vacancy arose on the Court, Ford allowed Levi to pick a federal judge from Chicago, John Paul Stevens, whose record on the bench displayed intellectual capacity but none of the strong conservative commitments that an ostensibly conservative administration might have been expected to seek. In sum, more concerned with image than impact, Ford threw away his opportunity to influence the direction of the Court.

So far President Reagan's record of appointments to the lower federal courts has evidenced an unapologetic commitment to moving the judiciary in a conservative direction. But lower court appointments are not such highly publicized events—nor such highly prized rewards—as appointments to the Supreme Court. And Reagan's response to the one High Court vacancy he has faced thus far does not suggest he is above the political temptations that beguiled his recent predecessors. On the one hand, Reagan's much heralded pledge to appoint a woman to the Court was vulgar politics which very drastically limited his field of choice. On the other hand, his refusal to explain the substantive views that attracted him to Mrs. O'Connor was a disturbing and potentially dangerous concession to the pious humbuggery of his opponents.

Following President Reagan's lead, Mrs. O'Connor herself declined, in her Senate confirmation proceedings, to confess to much more than her sex. She pointedly refused to commit herself on the one issue of most concern to many senators—the constitutional validity of *Roe* v. *Wade*, the Supreme Court's 1973 decision decreeing a right to abortion. O'Connor's reticence on this question provoked a number of prominent conservatives and right-to-life advocates to oppose her confirmation. Though many of these critics (most notably Jerry Falwell) subsequently gave their blessing to Justice O'Connor—in time for the 1984 election—their initial concerns do not appear so unfounded, even in retrospect.

What seems to have mollified most of O'Connor's initial critics was her dissenting opinion in the Court's 1983 *Akron* decision. There the Court struck down a local ordinance imposing some minor procedural restraints on access to abortion. *Roe* had sanctioned state regulation to protect the life of the fetus only in the last third of pregnancy, on the assumption that only in these last weeks could the child be viable outside the womb. O'Connor's dissent urged a more relaxed or deferential Court response to state regulation of abortion on the ground that subsequent advances in medical technology had already invalidated *Roe*'s trimester formula. This was, to be sure, an argument for cutting back on *Roe*—but without squarely repudiating the moral and legal hubris of the original decision and without attacking the larger constitutional perspective that inspired it.

There seems little doubt that, whatever else they do, subsequent Reagan appointees will also be prepared to cut back on *Roe* v. *Wade*. Even if the President does not feel obliged to appoint principled anti-abortionists to the Court, the fact is that most lawyers and judges (outside the strongholds of feminist zealotry) have by now come to recognize that the Court overreached itself with *Roe*. No other country in the Western world has seen fit to follow *Roe*'s lead in sanctioning abortion on demand through the sixth month of pregnancy and the right-to-life movement in America, it is now clear, will mount ever more powerful attacks on the Court until it relents from this stand. So retreat seems inevitable. The question is whether the Reagan appointees will allow the Court a graceful, measured retreat or whether they can harry the Court into a full-scale rout from the liberal jurisprudence of the last two decades. Will the new Reagan appointees settle for surgical incisions to remove the most noxious irritants in the contemporary case-law—or bear down for a relentless root-canal operation on the skewed ideological premises of the modern Court?

So far, Justice O'Connor's record does not give her the profile of a committed combatant. In criminal procedure cases and in a few other areas, it is true, she has voted rather predictably with her old law school classmate, Justice William Rehnquist, the most consistent conservative voice on the current Court. But on many issues, O'Connor has found it easy enough to glide along with the trendy doctrinal innovations of the 1970s. It was Justice O'Connor, for example, who wrote the Court's 1982 decision holding that Mississippi could not maintain a separate nursing college for women (even though it provided a co-educational alternative as well). She betrayed no qualms about the Court's quest to save one half of the voters from the other half, voiced no reservations about the Court's eagerness to impose the ideological blessings of the Equal Rights Amendment on a country that had already decisively rejected ERA through the political process. And, after all, such complaisance should not be too surprising: O'Connor's refusal to commit herself in advance on *Roe*—the most wanton, outrageous decision in the Court's entire history—suggested at the outset

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that she had more concern for the institutional prestige of the Supreme Court than for the legal integrity or the moral authority of the Constitution.

Of course, it is not just professional courtesy that usually prompts Supreme Court justices (or prospective justices) to treat the work of their colleagues and predecessors with forbearance. A justice who attacks the Court's past decisions weakens his own instrument of influence for the future. Moreover, the strange caricature now presented to the nation as "the Constitution" did not emerge from the random impulses of idiosyncratic justices. In its disdain for public morality and private property, on the one hand, and its enthusiasm for social engineering schemes, on the other, the main lines of constitutional doctrine over the last two decades have followed the dominant opinion in the prestige law schools, in the *New York Times* and other elite media, and in the liberal wing of the Democratic party. And, as the response to last year's string of "conservative" decisions on the Court suggests, even limited deviations from the orthodoxies of the last two decades will expose the Court to thunderous denunciations from these circles.

Still, the Court has made dramatic turn-arounds in the past. President Roosevelt was determined to remove the Court as an obstacle to New Deal programs. Within five years after his first appointment, the Court had, in fact, dynamited volumes of precedent, stretching back more than five decades, to ensure that the judiciary would never again have the doctrinal resources to challenge economic regulatory schemes. In its time, this trashing of the established Constitution had broad political support. But it was not inevitable, for all that, and probably would not have occurred (at least on the scale that it did) without ruthless partisan effort. The congressional repudiation of Roosevelt's earlier effort to "pack the Court" (by expanding the Court's size to allow for several new appointments at once) testified to the continuing political strength of the old Court and its doctrines. But in the long run, the fact that FDR had been willing to invest so much political capital in attacking the Court surely intimidated and demoralized the defenders of the old Constitution and greatly emboldened Roosevelt's subsequent appointees in their assaults on the older doctrines.

If President Reagan hopes to achieve major reforms in constitutional law, he must nominate new justices with the right political convictions and with sufficient strength of will to engage a doctrinal struggle on a very broad front. The nominees need not have extensive judicial experience, and indeed it is important to avoid nominees too much taken with the cult of the robe. But it is also important for the President to prepare the way for his appointees by stating clearly and candidly the disagreements with current doctrine that have inspired his choices. The Reagan justices will be continually admonished—by Court colleagues, commentators, and a host of special pleaders—that abrupt repudiations of established precedents would threaten the Court's legitimacy. The President should seize the opportunity at each new appointment to remind the Court and its liberal courtiers that adherence to the doctrinal drift of recent decades may still be more damaging to the Court's prestige.

So let the President and his nominees express their hopes for a changed direction on the Court quite openly. Then let Senate liberals explain why they must vote against any nominee who opposes busing and quotas, the harassment of religion and the protection of hate-mongering "speech"—or indeed the right to abortion—lest we have "ideological tests" for Court appointment. □

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ST. JEANE OF THE U.S. MISSION

by Cynthia Grenier

In her final weeks in office as the U.S. Permanent Representative to the United Nations, Ambassador Jeane J. Kirkpatrick is experiencing a certain sense of satisfaction. As well she might. Four years ago the United States was virtually powerless at the U.N., as it had been for nearly two decades—a pathetic giant who footed most of the bill and let itself be kicked around. But no longer.

As a woman who has always believed in the primacy of words, Kirkpatrick took office in 1981 prepared to test thoroughly one of her favorite propositions: Not only ideas but words, too, have consequences. From the outset she insisted that the rhetoric of delegates on the floor of the General Assembly be consistent with their privately expressed opinions and the national interests of their countries. When Kirkpatrick first began to call delegates on their behavior—in writing, on the telephone, or in person (which no previous U.S. ambassador to the U.N. had done)—they complained loudly on the floor and to the press. Gradually, however, they came to see that the Ambassador meant what she said. Those delegates who in private claimed to respect the U.S., and those delegates whose nations wanted and received assistance from the U.S., started one by one to match their public behavior with their private sentiments. Civility and moderation rose to levels unparalleled in recent memory.

Contrary to the high-minded assumptions of the U.N.'s founders, world politics U.N.-style is a lot like old-style American urban politics—a matter of power, interests, skills, affections. As the Ambassador likes to point out, the rough-and-tumble of Chicago or turn-of-the-century Jersey City makes a reasonably good model for understanding the dynamics of the U.N. (which helps explain why a portrait of Richard Daley hangs on the wall of her office at the U.S. Mission). Like any traditional big city mayor, Kirkpatrick knew when to cajole, when to twist arms. She traveled to places like Burundi and Rwanda and demanded "Why are you doing this? This is a terrible way to behave." Such unorthodox diplomacy paid off. In particular, the more moderate Third World delegations were encouraged in their moderation and now appear glad to play a more responsible role. Though not everyone was pleased with the Ambassador's performance, a recent blind quote in the *Washington Post* from a purported Arab diplomat of some standing reflects the changes she wrought. Comparing Kirkpatrick to her immediate predecessor, Donald McHenry, the diplomat said: "He was liked, but people realized there were no consequences if the United States was demeaned or ignored. Mrs. Kirkpatrick is not liked. But her power here is respected and now, there are consequences."

There are indeed. "Ironically," observes Michael Novak, "even in her occasional tongue lashings of the U.N.'s departure from reason, she turned it slowly, like an unwieldy battleship, back toward its own original ideals." Her distinguished former colleague at the U.N., Charles Lichenstein, credits her success to the fact that she took the time to learn "how to create leverage and then turn that leverage to our advantage. For the first time in a long time she began playing politics at the United Nations and began winning. She began blocking resolutions; instead of exercising the veto she got the resolution turned off at the pass. Why, the 1984 General Assembly was practically boring, there were so many relatively non-controversial resolutions presented before it."

Boring the 1984 General Assembly may have been, but it also marked the first time that a perennial resolution against military collaboration with South Africa did not mention the United States or Israel. Nor was the Israeli ambassador ever called a "Judeo-Nazi" or "Dr. Goebbels III." Condemnation of the United States for its "imperialist" and "colonial" denomination of Puerto Rico, another recurrent U.N. theme, came up neither in U.N. committees nor in the plenary sessions. Even more significant, Nicaragua withdrew an anti-American resolution when it could not round up sufficient votes for its adoption.

On an all-important Security Council election issue, the United States was able to claim a memorable victory: The Soviet campaign to win a seat for Outer Mongolia failed, while Western-oriented Thailand did win a seat. The annual attempt by radical Third World elements (joined by Arab and Communist countries) to expel Israel collapsed in October, having far less support than in previous years. Even debates on human rights no longer singled out Chile and South Africa, but also included references to Afghanistan, Poland, and the Soviet Union. By U.N. standards, Kirkpatrick has done the impossible.

A practicing intellectual and proud of it, Kirkpatrick had hand-picked a stellar team for her staff at the U.S. mission, composed mostly of young Ph.D.'s including Jose Sorzano and Kenneth Adelman of Georgetown University, Charles Lichenstein of Notre Dame, Alan Keyes of Harvard, Carl Gershman of Yale and the Social Democrats, USA, Allan Gerson of the Yale Law School, Joseph Shattan of the American Enterprise Institute, and Marc Plattner of the *Public Interest* and the Twentieth Century Fund.

Thanks in large measure to the efforts of the Ambassador and her staff, Congress in 1982 passed legislation providing crucial support for the tough lobbying line set down by Kirkpatrick. As she had told Congress, "We need to communicate to nations that their votes, their attitudes, and their actions

Cynthia Grenier, formerly with the New York Times, *is a movie producer.*

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inside the United Nations system inevitably must have consequences for their relationship outside the United Nations system." The new legislation requires the President to scrutinize "the benefits derived by the United States from participation in the United Nations." Meanwhile, the Secretary of State is to report annually to Congress on the voting behavior of all member states, so that there will be at least some awareness of what the sixty or so countries seeking or receiving U.S. military or economic aid are doing on issues important to the United States.

At the Republican Convention last summer in Dallas, Ambassador Kirkpatrick—a life-long and politically active Democrat until her 1981 appointment—celebrated America's return. In the most memorable speech of the convention, she reminded Americans that their country was again standing tall and responsible in the world. She also reminded them "that Ronald Reagan and the United States did not cause the Marxist dictatorship in Nicaragua, or the repression of Poland, or the brutal new offensives in Afghanistan, or the destruction of the Korean airliner, or new attacks on religious and ethnic groups in the Soviet Union, or the jamming of Western broadcasts, or the denial of Jewish emigration, or the brutal imprisonment of Anatoli Shcharansky and Ida Nudel, or the obscene treatment of Andrei Sakharov and Elena Bonner, or the re-Stalinization of the Soviet Union." She did not pull her punches.

Even before Dallas there was sporadic talk of running the Ambassador for Vice President in 1988, but since then the talk has geared up considerably. Various combinations are put forward: Bush and Kirkpatrick. Kemp and Kirkpatrick. Kirkpatrick and Kemp. Jack Kemp has said he would be honored to serve on the same ticket with her. A few faithful Scoop Jackson Democrats talk of Kirkpatrick as the one person who could lead the Democratic party back into the American mainstream. (Her decision to join the Republican party on April 3 would seem to rule this out.) The Ambassador herself responds to all the suggestions as any potential candidate might: with gratitude, yet politely firm that it's much too early to talk about the future.

What about the present? As she has been insisting all along—persistent rumors to the contrary notwithstanding—the corridors of power in the White House are not for her. Otherwise, she points out, she would have come on board last year when the President offered her Edwin Meese's position of White House counsellor after Robert McFarlane was named to the National Security post. Had she really wanted to stay on in the Administration, she says, she would have remained at the United Nations. But four years of 16-18 hour days have taken their toll, and she now wants some time to think and to write. (Since 1960 the tenure of a U.S. ambassador to the U.N. has averaged 18 months.)

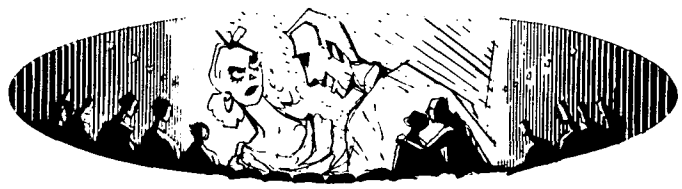
Kirkpatrick already has two books roughly shaped in her mind—one on her U.N. experiences, the other on foreign policy. There has been talk of a syndicated column, and she is one of the hottest items on the class A lecture circuit. Although she has given as one of her reasons for leaving public office the risk of losing her tenured position at Georgetown, it seems unlikely that having known the heady summits of power she will foresake them any more than have her two fellow academics, Henry Kissinger and Zbigniew Brzezinski. Willy nilly, she is now a world figure.

According to Michael Novak, Kirkpatrick could actually have a greater impact on the future now that she is about to move beyond the constraints of power. "When in office you have to operate almost entirely within the bounds of the acceptable," Novak says. "You can't get too far ahead of the public for fear of arousing controversy. Today's practitioners of power depend on concepts about tomorrow which could change the direction of arguments today. In a very few years ideas which seem shocking today may have their fitting hour."

In fact, Novak feels that it is almost essential for a political leader to alternate between immersion in public activity and retreat for spiritual replenishment. "It's a chance to come in again with far greater power and freshness than if you're merely plotting in the trenches for the whole course."

Not that she will not be missed. Charles Lichenstein, for one, is convinced that with the possible exception of President Reagan no one has articulated United States policy more forcefully than she—and doing so not by being offensive but simply by explaining "this is what we are *for*." A pretty decent accomplishment. □

THE TALKIES



WHAT A WONDERFUL WORLD

by John Podhoretz

Witness is a suspense thriller about an eight-year-old boy who watches a murder being committed in a men's room.

But it isn't much of a thriller; we find out who the murderers are about twenty minutes into the action. Nor does it have a particularly believable set of villains; they tend to shoot at people in public places with quite a few onlookers about. Nor does it have the standard cathartic thriller conclusion, with the bad guys getting it in the teeth; one of them actually hands his gun over to the heroes out of shame.

In spite of—or even because of—these nominal failings, *Witness* is one of the best films of the past decade. For hanging very loosely upon its suspense plot is an almost magical tale of how two wildly inimical ways of life can form an almost easy alliance.

For Samuel, the little boy, is Amish, and he witnesses the murder during the first trip he has ever taken out of the Lancaster County enclave that is home to the Pennsylvania Dutch. "Be careful out there among the English," Samuel's grandfather Eli apprehensively tells Samuel's mother, Rachel (Kelly McGillis), as she hoists her son onto the silver-chrome Amtrak train that will take them to Philadelphia and then on to Baltimore, where Rachel's sister lives. Rachel, just widowed, gravely nods her assent. It is only a freak of train scheduling that strands mother and son in the Philadelphia station for three hours; when Samuel has to go off to the men's room, the lives of all the members of the Lapp family are changed forever.

Samuel rushes into a stall when the murderer and his victim enter the men's room, and quickly reveals himself to be far less naive than we would suppose from his antiquated dress and doe's eyes. After committing the deed, the murderer realizes that there may be someone else in there. Samuel locks the stall door and stands on one of the toilets so that the murderer will not see his feet. The murderer tries the door, finds it locked, and kicks it in, only Samuel is no longer there; clever boy that he is, he has scurried under the aperture and has run into the next stall.

When next we see Samuel, he is being interrogated by two policemen, one white and one black. The white cop, John Book (Harrison Ford), asks Samuel what the murderer looked like. "Like him," Samuel says pointing to the black cop. We realize from this that he has probably never before seen a black man.

These are the two different faces of the Amish. On the one hand, they are almost completely ignorant, willfully so, about the modern world. The concessions they make to it are tiny, and quite funny; their horsedrawn carriages slow 18-wheel trucks and sports cars to a crawl, and bear on their back the high-tech triangular orange reflector that signifies a slow-moving vehicle. They will take trains, but almost resentfully; and one gets the feeling that they will assent to this form of transport only because it existed in the nineteenth century, around the moment that the Amish froze themselves in time.

Astonishingly, however, the movie never tries to convince us that because of their rejection of the modern world, the Amish are superior to us. This idea

John Podhoretz is critic-at-large and Capital Life editor of the Washington Times.

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has long been a staple of counter-culture moviemaking, and Peter Weir, the director of *Witness*, has up to this point been one of its strongest proponents. In his *The Last Wave*, set in Australia, the primitive Aborigines possess not only the wisdom of the ages, but a profound knowledge of the supernatural that puts the supposedly "advanced" Western civilization to shame. In *The Year of Living Dangerously*, set in Jakarta, a half-Western, half-Oriental dwarf controls the lives of those Westerners he loves as easily as he manipulates the wooden shadow puppets of Indonesia.

The Amish here are rather like regular guys who happen to dress funny. They tell each other dirty jokes, and they are not so much religiose as extremely businesslike about their religion. And as Samuel demonstrates, even a little Amish child can be as keen about protecting himself as a modern eight-year-old who gets tips on how to avoid killers by watching movies like *Witness*.

But it is the introduction of the tough Philadelphia cop John Book into the world of the Amish that sets the tone of the film. For Book is, spiritually at least, Samuel's true father, and it is through the boy that he comes first to be protected by the Amish and subsequently to protect them.

The bond between them is forged at precisely the moment that Samuel fingers the killer. He has been looking through mug shots of Philadelphia's worst, without finding anyone resembling the killer. He wanders away from Book's desk, across the precinct room, to a display case full of trophies and news stories praising Philadelphia policemen. Quickly he glances over at Book, engrossed in conversation with someone. Book reads the meaning in Samuel's eyes, and goes over to him. He holds the boy; Samuel begins to point his finger at a photograph of a Lieutenant McFee. Book grabs the finger and brings the boy's hand down; a fellow cop is responsible for the murder, and a decorated cop at that. Not a word is spoken during the scene; the communication is all by glance and gesture.

As circumstances develop, Book and the Lapps find themselves in great danger, and he takes them back to their farm and stays with them, to hide himself in the nineteenth century.

"You look very plain," Rachel says approvingly as she dresses Book up in her late husband's clothing. Plainness is the greatest virtue to the Amish; it connotes a lack of vanity, and a desire to rid oneself of sexual desire and desirability. Rachel is a radiant young woman, supple and dark blonde, but she gets herself up in the most unflattering bonnets and thick dresses, and does not know how to move gracefully.

Book looks ridiculous in the clothing (it is, among other things, two sizes too small for him), but Rachel is correct. He does look plain, and he *is* plain in the Amish way. He lives quite easily among them, and is one of the most productive workers during a barn-raising. But most important, he shares the sense of duty, and the need for work, that characterizes the Amish. He has very little life apart from his job. He seems, in an unself-righteous way, to believe that his mission is to get the bad guys. He is unmarried because he has never been in love, and he takes a parental interest in his sister's children because they are fatherless.

But this is where he and the Amish part ways. The Amish are pacifists, refuse to serve in wars, refuse to own guns. Book is a homicide detective, complete with pistol. There is a scene in which Book grabs his gun from Samuel's hand; "It's loaded," he says, empties the bullets out of it, and hands it back for the little boy to examine. Rachel walks in on them, sends Samuel out of the room, and makes clear to Book that she is very unhappy. "You must live by our laws," she tells him, and he nods, not bothering to point out that she has done him an injustice.

Samuel's wish to handle Book's gun is another sign of the bond between them, and Samuel himself makes the case for the use of force in a way that Book never could. His grandfather, Eli, sits him down, the gun on a table before them. Eli asks whether Samuel would ever use the gun on anyone. "If he was bad," Samuel replies. "But how would you know he was bad? Can you see into his heart?"

"I can see what he does," Samuel responds simply.

Later, Book and the Amish journey into town, and are harassed by a couple of teenaged punks who taunt them and humiliatingly smear ice-cream on the face of one young, strong Amishman who does nothing. Book gets off the carriage to settle accounts, but Eli stops him. "It is not our way," Eli says. "Yes, but it's mine," Book says, and proceeds to teach the punks a lesson in manners.

And as all of this is proceeding, he and Rachel are falling in love. In the film's most extraordinary sequence, Book is fixing his car in the barn, Rachel watching, when the car radio begins playing the old Sam Cooke song "What a Wonderful World." He takes her around the waist and teaches her how to dance. He is not very good at it himself, she is terribly awkward—it is romance at its most plain. And neither one truly entertains the idea that they could actually make a life together. "If we slept together," Book says at one point, "I'd have to stay or you'd have to leave." (The movie takes a bum turn later on by suggesting that they have broken this rule, and have gone to bed; but it is only implicit, almost a half-hearted throwaway.)

So these are serious people, Book and the Amish. Book believes in the use of force for a reason; the Amish are pacifists for a reason, and recognize that their views make it imperative that they reject the modern world and all its conveniences. At the film's end, the two have come to respect each other enough that they work in concert to defeat the villains. The Amish do not object when Book finds it necessary to trap one of the killers in a corn crib and suffocate him, and the Amish come to Book's and Rachel's aid when Schaeffer, the corrupt police captain who is the ringleader of the gang, takes Rachel hostage in a last-ditch effort to save his skin. The Amish gather around and stand silently, all of them witnesses now. This unnerves Schaeffer, who had once upon a time been Book's mentor. Book tells him it's over. "Enough," he says. And Schaeffer meekly hands over his gun.

Witness does not resolve the differences between Book and the Amish. It does not make the easy, cheap point that the Amish are better than Book, but it does take the Amish (and their philosophy) seriously. Nor does it portray Book as some kind of Dirty Harry; he is a moral man whose morality necessarily includes the need for a gun. As Book finally leaves the Lapps forever, Eli waves to him and imparts the familiar caution: "Be careful out there among the English." □

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BOOK REVIEWS

NO MORE VIETNAMS
Richard Nixon/Arbor House/$14.95

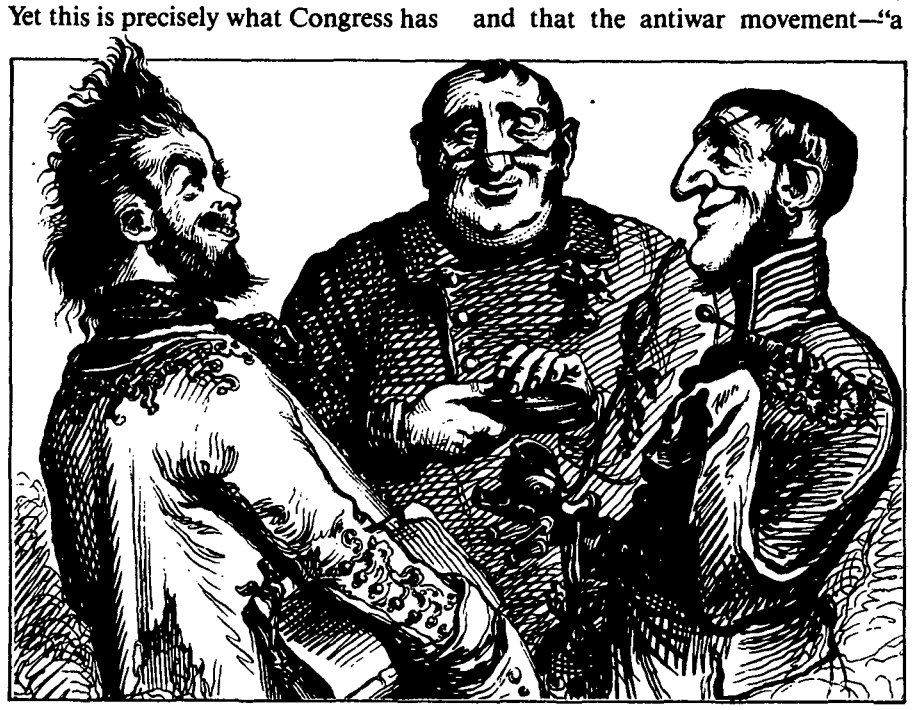
Joseph Shattan

Like just about everyone else, historians naturally tend to divide into optimists and pessimists. The optimists are convinced that while those who don't study history are condemned to repeat it, those who do study history can avoid the follies and errors of the past. The pessimists believe that the only lesson we learn from history is that no one ever learns anything from history.

As one examines the level of discourse on foreign affairs in this country during the decade that has elapsed since the fall of Saigon, it is hard not to agree with the pessimists. Consider, for example, the bitter debate over the propriety of the distinction between authoritarian and totalitarian regimes. If the Vietnam war taught us nothing else, it surely demonstrated that this distinction is a valid one. While the human rights record of the South Vietnamese government was far from ideal, no serious observer today contests the view that the human rights situation in Vietnam has drastically worsened in the aftermath of Hanoi's conquest. Yet when spokesmen for the Reagan Administration pointed out that totalitarian regimes tend to be more repressive than authoritarian regimes and less amenable to reform, it caused an uproar. It was as though many of the Administration's critics felt that to acknowledge the magnitude of the disaster which had befallen the people of Indochina was somehow immoral, a concession to reactionary anti-Communism.

Again, consider the criticism that is most frequently leveled against the Administration's policy in Central America. The United States, it is said, ought to be pursuing a "political solution" to the problems of the region; instead, it is vainly pursuing a "military solution." The whole history of our involvement in Vietnam, however, demonstrates that if diplomacy is to be effective, it must be backed up by military force. Thus, it was only after American and South Vietnamese forces defeated North Vietnam's spring offensive in 1972 that Hanoi consented to begin serious negotiations. And it was only after Congress imposed a bombing cutoff in 1973 that Hanoi ordered its commanders to resume the offensive against South Vietnam. Surely it doesn't take a Clausewitz to understand that political and military measures complement one another, that—to put it bluntly—nothing less than the prospect of getting clobbered will convince an aggressor to negotiate, or deter a would-be aggressor from violating whatever agreements he has nominally entered into. Yet the very people who warn against our becoming involved in a "second Vietnam" seem oblivious to one of its most elementary lessons.

Finally, consider what may well be the single most shameful episode in our Vietnam involvement: the drastic cuts in aid to South Vietnam imposed by Congress after our withdrawal. Antiwar senators and congressmen apparently believed that reducing our level of aid to Saigon would help bring the war to an end. In fact, the reductions made a Communist victory inevitable, thereby setting the stage for the tragedy which subsequently engulfed the people of Indochina. One might have thought that Congress, having learned something from this experience, would be extremely reluctant to impose an aid cutoff on another American ally confronting a well-armed, well-trained Communist force. Yet this is precisely what Congress has done to the freedom fighters in Nicaragua. It is as though Vietnam never happened.



In view of this widespread disinclination to learn the lessons of Vietnam, perhaps Dr. Johnson's famous characterization of second marriages as "the triumph of hope over experience" applies to Richard Nixon's latest book as well. For what Mr. Nixon has done in *No More Vietnams* is to analyze the political and military errors which various administrations, as well as Congress, committed in Vietnam, in the hope of averting similar failures in the future. That such a book is vitally needed goes without saying. That Mr. Nixon is uniquely qualified to write it also goes without saying. That his book will actually have an impact on the way we think about Vietnam is, alas, far from certain.

Mr. Nixon wisely begins his analysis by cautioning against blaming either the antiwar movement or the media for our defeat in Vietnam. Though it is true that the media's coverage of the war was often inaccurate and unfair, and that the antiwar movement—"a brotherhood of the misguided, the mistaken, the well-meaning, and the malevolent"—was a factor in our defeat, neither played a decisive role. More important by far were the errors committed by our political leaders. "Those who began and escalated the war in the 1960s," Mr. Nixon writes, "did not give the American people victories and did not effectively explain the justice of what we were fighting for. In the resulting political vacuum, the antiwar movement took center stage and held it until the curtain fell on one of the saddest endings in modern history."

The first in what became a series of fateful American blunders occurred in 1954, when President Eisenhower turned down an urgent French request to help relieve the Viet Minh's siege of Dien Bien Phu. Though he understood the strategic importance of Vietnam, and though the military situation at Dien Bien Phu was ideal for the use of American air power, Eisenhower refused to involve the United States in what he saw as a colonial war. But, as Mr. Nixon points out, this was a serious misreading of the situation. "An obsessive fear of associating with European colonial powers blinded successive American administrations to a very simple fact: Communism, not colonialism, was the *principal* cause of the war in Indochina. . . . By standing aside as an ally went down to defeat, the United States lost its last chance to stop the expansion of communism in Indochina at little cost to itself."

By the time President Kennedy came into office, Communist guerrillas were already wreaking havoc on South Vietnam. In response, President Kennedy sent 16,000 combat "advisers" to that country. At the same time, his aides persuaded him that the alleged persecution of Buddhists by South Vietnam's President Diem made Diem a political liability. Kennedy approved a military coup that resulted in Diem's assassination—a terrible blunder, according to Nixon. For in fact, "Diem stabilized South Vietnam as a keystone holds up a dome." During the next two years, in its provinces and villages as well as on the national level, South Vietnam lacked a viable government of any sort.

Not all of Kennedy's advisers favored a coup against Diem. Vice President Johnson, for example, was deeply opposed to it. "Shit, man," he told a journalist, "he's the only boy we got out there." We know now that the

Joseph Shattan, a frequent contributor, is a writer living in Washington, D.C.

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Communists shared LBJ's assessment, with one of them going so far as to characterize the American-sponsored coup as "a gift from heaven." We also know now that many of the accusations against Diem were not only false, but were contrived by radical Buddhists in league with the Communist-controlled NLF. Young Buddhists from the provinces were fed atrocity stories about how Diem's government was burning pagodas and disemboweling monks, and were encouraged to immolate themselves in protest. An organization called "the suicide-promotion group" took care of all the arrangements. It provided volunteers with gasoline-soaked robes, wrote letters of protest in the volunteers' names to be distributed to the press, and drove the volunteers to locations in Saigon that were certain to attract maximum publicity, being careful, of course, to choose routes that avoided any of the city's unharmed, perfectly intact pagodas. Western journalists in Saigon proved all too willing to fall in with this deception.

With Diem dead and South Vietnam in chaos, North Vietnam decided that this was the opportunity it had been waiting for. Regular units of the North Vietnamese Army were sent into the south, guerrillas inundated the countryside, and the military situation in South Vietnam began rapidly to unravel. The United States could either let South Vietnam fall, or intervene directly. "The Kennedy Administration sowed the seeds of intrigue that led to the overthrow and murder of Diem," writes Nixon. "Now we would reap a bitter harvest."

In order to avert a Communist victory, President Johnson increased American combat forces in Vietnam from 16,000 to 550,000 over a five-year period. At the same time, Johnson was determined not to let the war undermine his plans for the Great Society. As he later put it, "If I left the woman I really loved—the Great Society—in order to get involved with that bitch of a war on the other side of the world, then I would lose everything at home."

Like almost all American Presidents (Richard Nixon is perhaps an exception), LBJ felt more strongly about domestic affairs than foreign policy. He decided to pursue a policy of more guns *and* more butter, giving his Great Society programs priority over the war. He refused to mobilize American public opinion on the war's behalf, fearing that "all those conservatives in Congress would use [the war] against the Great Society." He did not cut back social programs or try to put the economy on a wartime footing. He tried to fight the war "on the cheap," so to speak, with as little publicity and public debate as possible. As Nixon rightly observes, "It was the greatest political error this master politician ever made. American leaders cannot wage war without the solid support of public opinion, and the American people will go to war only if they are convinced that it is in a just cause. An American President therefore must never commit his troops to battle without getting the people to commit themselves to the war."

Nixon goes on to indict the Johnson Administration for ignoring "one of the iron laws of war: Never go in without knowing how you are going to get out." According to him, Johnson could have ended our participation in the war by the time he left office had he pursued a different strategy—one which emphasized cutting North Vietnam's key supply route through Laos and Cambodia (the "Ho Chi Minh Trail"), training South Vietnamese forces to take over the fighting, and making greater use of such specialized units as the Green Berets and the Combined Action Platoons. In presenting his case for a different military strategy, however, Nixon subtly shifts the grounds of his argument. Instead of arguing that the Johnson Administra-

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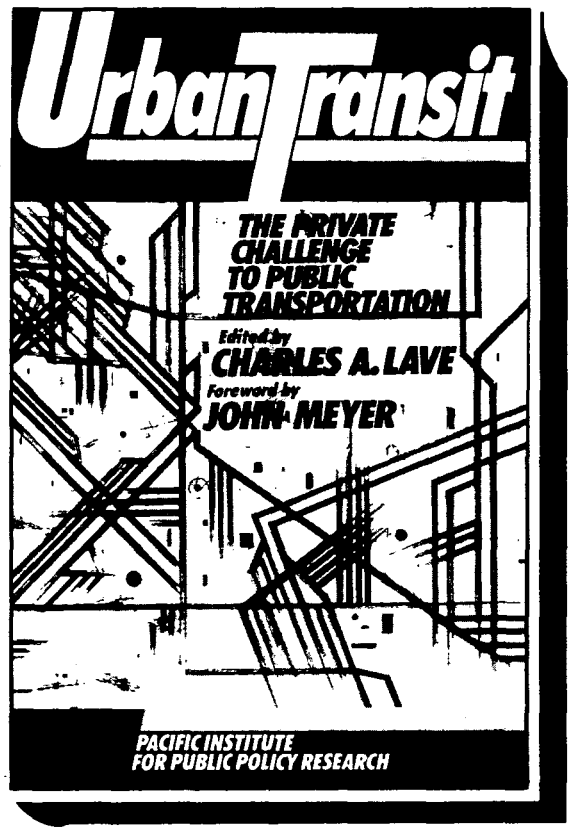

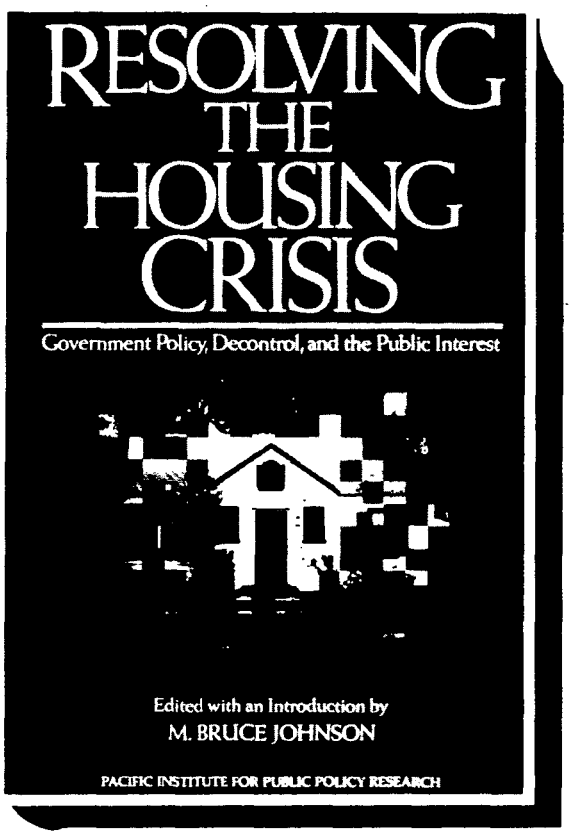
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tion failed in Vietnam because it refused to choose between guns and butter, he now seems to suggest that it really didn't have to choose, that we might have enjoyed both guns and butter had the Johnson Administration only known how to use its guns more effectively.

Not surprisingly, Mr. Nixon goes on to assert that his Administration *did* know how to use its guns effectively. Though he expresses regret over his failure to bomb North Vietnam and mine its harbors in 1970, rather than in 1972, by and large he is proud of the way his Administration handled the war. The gradual withdrawal of American troops, the "Vietnamization" of the fighting, and the "pacification" of the countryside were all interrelated elements in a grand strategy designed to secure "peace with honor." The offensive against Communist sanctuaries in Cambodia in 1970, and the mining of North Vietnam's ports in 1972, were acts of considerable political bravery which, by reducing the military pressure on South Vietnam, enabled both "Vietnamization" and our withdrawal to proceed more rapidly. In the Vietnam accords which the United States and North Vietnam finally initialed in January 1973, we obtained the release of our prisoners and successfully resisted North Vietnam's demand that we turn over the government of South Vietnam to its surrogates before leaving. Given the increasingly frantic level of domestic opposition to the war, this was no small achievement. Mr. Nixon is therefore fully entitled to engage in some self-congratulation.

Unfortunately, in extolling his Administration's achievements, Mr. Nixon gets a bit carried away. Instead of simply conceding that he made the best of a bad situation, Nixon makes the rather startling assertion that by 1973 he had actually won the war in Vietnam. "On January 27, 1973," he writes, "almost twenty years after the French had lost the first Vietnam War, we had won the second Vietnam War. We signed the peace agreement that ended the war in a way that won the peace. We had redeemed our pledge to keep South Vietnam free. Now, to keep the peace, we had to take whatever actions were necessary to prevent a third Vietnam War."

The reason Mr. Nixon believes that the so-called "Agreement on Ending the War and Restoring the Peace in Vietnam" constituted an American victory is that he is convinced that for all its faults, "it was adequate to ensure the survival of South Vietnam—so long as the United States stood ready to enforce its terms." Nixon did not expect the North Vietnamese to observe the agreement. He realized that in permitting North Vietnam to maintain its forces in South Vietnam, the agreement enabled Hanoi to use the cease-fire to build up its forces in the south, prior to a renewed offensive. Yet he felt that these drawbacks could be overcome: "I issued two guarantees to [South Vietnam's President] Thieu: We would continue to send enough military aid to maintain the balance of power, and we would respond swiftly to North Vietnamese attempts to subvert the terms of the agreement. South Vietnam would handle minor violations of the cease-fire, and the United States would retaliate against major ones. This was the least we could do for our ally."

But would "the least we could do for our ally" have been sufficient to ensure its survival? Mr. Nixon believes that it would have been. Had Congress not intervened, the nation once known as South Vietnam, in his view, would still exist today. However, "the outcry over Watergate and the backlash against Vietnam in Congress" weakened the presidency and enabled Congress to override Nixon's assurances to Thieu:

> Congress proceeded to snatch defeat from the jaws of victory. Once our troops were out of Vietnam, Congress initiated a total retreat from our commitments to the South Vietnamese people. First, it destroyed our ability to enforce the peace agreement, through legislation prohibiting the use of American military power in Indochina. Then it undercut South Vietnam's ability to defend itself by drastically reducing our military aid. Within two years the balance of power swung decisively in Hanoi's favor. When the North Vietnamese Army was poised to launch its final offensive, South Vietnam's army was in its weakest condition in over five years, reeling from the effects of Congressional budget cuts that had strapped it with severe fuel and ammunition shortages.

The problem with Mr. Nixon's analysis is that it takes too much for granted. Even if Congress had given Presidents Nixon and Ford greater leeway in dealing with North Vietnamese aggression, and even if it had supplied South Vietnam with the military assistance it required, we simply don't know what the outcome of the conflict would have been. How would the South Vietnamese army have measured up? What would North Vietnam have done to circumvent our attacks? And what of the Soviets and the Chinese? So many variables are involved here that any hard-and-fast predictions seem out of place. As Tolstoy wrote in *War and Peace*, "In war the most deeply considered plans have no significance. . . . All depends on the way the unexpected movements of the enemy—that cannot be foreseen—are met, and on how and by whom the whole matter is handled."

But if no one can say that the Vietnam accords guaranteed South Vietnam's survival, neither can anyone say that they ensured its destruction. In other words, the accords did leave South Vietnam with at least the *possibility* of maintaining its existence. By acting as it did, Congress deprived South Vietnam of this possibility. If it did not exactly snatch defeat from the jaws of victory, it did make defeat inevitable. While this is not as severe an indictment of Congress as Mr. Nixon presents, surely it is severe enough.

Perhaps the most important lessons to be learned from the final phase of the Vietnam war are that congressional government cannot substitute for executive leadership, and that American foreign policy cannot function effectively in the absence of a strong presidency. "Energy in the Executive," declared the *Federalist Papers*, "is a leading character in the definition of good government." Tragically, by impairing the power of the presidency, the Watergate crisis deprived the political system of its "energy." Congress imposed all sorts of restrictions on the Executive Branch, especially in the areas of foreign policy and intelligence gathering. The result was that American foreign policy seemed strangely passive, overcome by lassitude, as, throughout the Third World, the dominoes fell: Vietnam, Laos, Cambodia, and Mozambique in 1975; Angola in 1976; Ethiopia in 1977; South Yemen in 1978; Nicaragua in 1979. As Professor Bernard Brown wrote in 1980, "The American political system functions poorly when the executive is weak. The logic of the system requires the President to act, subject to evaluation and criticism by an independent Congress. . . . If the President is rendered incapable of providing a firm lead, there will be no firm lead at all. The complex system will spin its wheels in the air—which is precisely what has been happening ever since 1972."

By focusing our attention on the disastrous consequences of a weakened executive, Mr. Nixon's account of the lessons of Vietnam performs a very important service. But understanding the danger is one thing; correcting it is something else again. Mr. Nixon concludes his study by urging the President and the Congress to join together in an effort to remove such "self-defeating restrictions" as the War Powers Act from the law books. Does he really believe, however, that Congress, convinced by the iron logic of his argument, will surrender its newly acquired power voluntarily? Once again, it's a little hard to be optimistic. □

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IACOCCA: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

Lee Iacocca, with William Novak/Bantam Books/$19.95

P.J. O'Rourke

You see the poor bastards at every airport in the country and all the Ramada Inns, Avis counters, and Beef-and-Blank restaurants. They have shoes with metal dingles, vinyl briefcases, Seiko watches. They're dressed in poly-blend vested suits and don't know not to wear a belt with the vest. Horrible Yves Saint Laurent buckles peek out the bottoms of the waistcoats. They are America's young management meat-balls. And every man jack of them has a copy of *Iacocca: An Autobiography* under his arm. It is the *New York Times'* number one nonfiction bestseller. It has overtaken *In Search of Excellence* as the nation's most popular business book. Over 1.4 million copies have been printed, and each is being read by someone who painfully traces his way down the page with a finger and moves his lips.

The secret is in there. The meatball knows it. If he can just read carefully enough he'll crack the code: "How I turned personal failure, corporate debt, the two-bit K-car, and a goofy last name into glory, fame, and worldwide respect."

Lee Iacocca is a hero for our time—a conceited, big-mouth, glad-handing huckster who talked the government into loaning his company piles of money. And *Iacocca: An Autobiography* is literature for our time. That is, it stinks. My copy looks like some origami instruction manual, it is so dog-eared from marking idiocies.

First, there is the beastly style, coarse, disorganized, repetitious, and bulked with oatmeal filler:

> During that time the factories were simply not operating, which meant that both the machinery and the workers were idle.
>
> John Riccardo and his wife, Thelma, were two of the finest people I've ever met. Unfortunately, the crisis at Chrysler was so severe that I never really got to know them.
>
> To say the least, testifying before congressional and Senate committees has never been my idea of fun and games.
>
> But then came the Depression. No one who's lived through it can ever forget.

Also, there's the earthy wit:

> This was probably the greatest jolt I've ever had in my business career. When I thought about it, I was bereft. (That's a euphemism for feeling lower than whale shit!)

This much can be blamed on the amanuensis, William Novak, who should know better and ought to be held by his heels and shaken until his brains run out his ears and some more useful innard slides down and fills his skull.

The rest of the problems are Iacocca's own. He is a paranoid egomaniac. But those are not the terms. They are too clinical and blame-evading. We need older, stricter words. The man is consumed by pride and besotted with vanity. Every nitpick in his life must be of compelling interest to us, his co-adulators:

> When I was in sixth grade there was an election for captain of the student patrol. The patrolmen all wore white belts with a silver badge, but the lieutenant and the captain got to wear special uniforms with special badges. . . . I loved the idea of wearing that uniform, and I was determined to be the captain.
>
> . . . a number of journalists have reported (or repeated) that my parents went to Lido Beach in Venice for their honeymoon and that I was named Lido to commemorate that happy week. It's a wonderful story, except for one problem: it's not true.

There is persistent name-dropping done mostly with a degree of deftness thus:

> Once, at a private dinner with Vince Lombardi, the legendary football coach and a friend of mine . . .

And every now and then we are treated to a passage of the following kind:

> Once [Henry Ford] and his wife, Cristina, came to our house for dinner. My parents were there, too, and Henry spent half the night telling them how great I was and that without me there wouldn't be a Ford Motor Company. On another occasion, he took me to meet his good friend L.B.J.

Of course, self-love cannot be displayed in full bloom without a leafy green background of hatred for others. Chapter ten begins with the sentence, "In 1975, Henry Ford started his month-by-month premeditated plan to destroy me."

Darn that old Henry Ford, anyhow. And he'd just got done telling Lee's mom and dad what a swell kid they'd raised, too. Well, Lee is not going to take this lying down, not when he's got a whole book of his own to say things in. Iacocca launches a rhetorical assault the likes of which has not been heard since Cicero accused Marc Antony of screwing the pooch. Rapier thrust follows rapier thrust: Lee wanted a signed photograph of Henry Ford, but Henry never got around to signing it. Henry sold the company plane to the Shah of Iran for five million dollars and "The company lost a bundle on the deal." Henry used tax shelters. Henry told his executives to " . . . get off your asses and do what needs to be done for the black community," then later that day used the word "coon." And Henry Ford and women?

> Actually I always thought he hated women—except for his mother. When Henry's father died, Eleanor Clay Ford had taken over the family and put her son Henry in charge. She also kept him somewhat in line.
>
> But when she died in 1976, his whole world came tumbling down.

One sick bunny, that Henry Ford. What's more, he likes to have a few shooters and get wide:

> Henry tried to be sophisticated and European. . . . But it was all a façade. After the third bottle of wine, all bets were off.

(With Iacocca in the next office, his head as large as a haystack and barbering from nine to five about what a big lasagna he is, who wouldn't need a drink?)

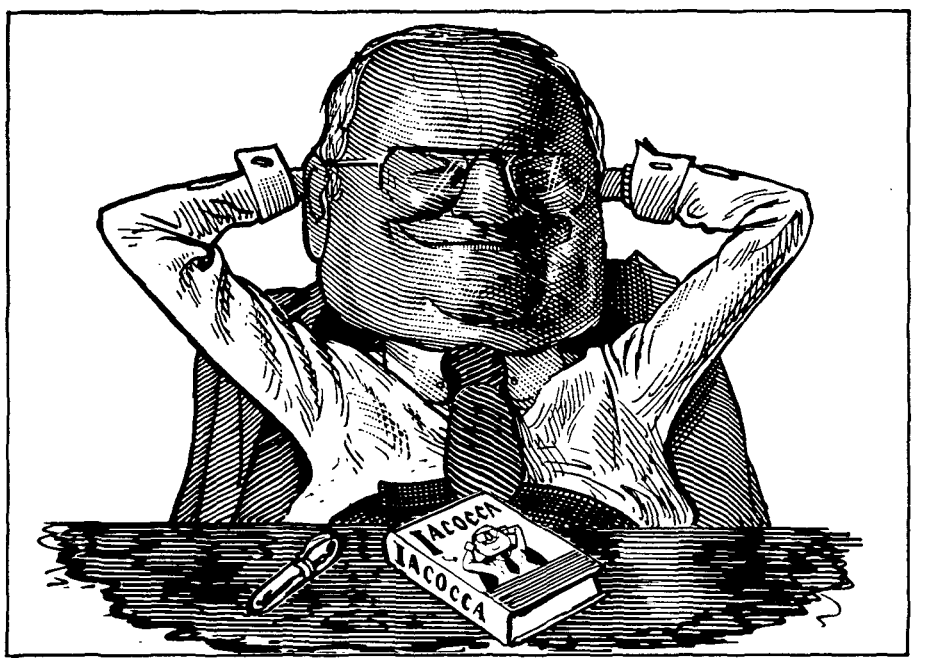
Anything can be excused by genius, and Iacocca has been called one. But where's this genius parked?

Iacocca's book is filled with managerial balloon juice. "The only way you can motivate people is to communicate with them." " . . . the speed of the boss is the speed of the team." "In addition to being decision-makers, managers also have to be motivators." "To sum up: nothing stands still in this world."

He exhibits general ignorance of business principles. "A couple of months after I arrived [at Chrysler] something hit me like a ton of bricks. We were running out of cash!" He berates the Federal Reserve Board for being primarily concerned with banking. He blasts America as "a nation enamored with investing in paper" as though the cash represented by stocks, bonds, and certificates of deposit were all jammed in a sock under Carl Ichan's mattress. He discusses the overseas retail prices of Japanese cars without reference to Value Added Tax, indicts the Japanese for exporting unemployment to the United States (How do they pack it? Does it spoil?), and he claims this for the United Auto Workers' reaction to his ballyhooed 1980 salary of $1 a year:

> From that day on I was their pal. The union loved me. . . . They said: "This guy is going to lead us to the promised land."

Moreover, Iacocca exhibits *specific* ignorance of the automobile business. He says, "Now, it's true that you can't make money on small cars—at least not in this country." But Honda does, at its Marysville, Ohio plant. And General Motors is investing 1.5 billion dollars in a new domestic small car division, presumably not for kicks. Iacocca calls the Mustang II "a terrific design." It sucked. He says, "The K-car is a sensational product." It is adequate. He claims the Chevrolet Vega had a "pancake aluminum engine." It had nothing of the kind. And he proudly takes credit for the stupid seatbelt interlock ignition system that



P.J. O'Rourke's review of Peter Collier and David Horowitz's The Kennedys: An American Drama *appeared in the February* American Spectator.

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appeared on 1973 cars and disappeared as quickly as owners could unhook it.

Iacocca's idea of engineering:

> The [Mercury] Marquis had achieved . . . the softest, plushest ride in the world.

His idea of design:

> My plan was to create a new car using the same platform, engine, and even the roof, but to make enough changes so that the car really *looked* new and not like a spinoff of the T-Bird.

And the following explains better than John Stuart Mill himself could what it is Lee Iacocca does for a living:

> . . . on the island of St. Thomas, we unveiled the new Cougar. At a beach lit by clusters of brilliant torches, a World War II landing craft pulled up to the shore and lowered its ramp. The audience was breathless as a shining white Cougar drove onto the sand. The door opened, and out stepped singer Vic Damone, who began to entertain.

But let's be fair. The man works hard. He took a risky job at a troubled company and managed to put it in the black. He . . . Oh, let's *not* be fair. This book is rubbish. The meatballs in the airports would be better off reading the phone book. Check under Brooks Brothers. A banker-grey two-piece chalk stripe with a button-down shirt and a pindot tie and at least you'll "really *look*" like you've got some sense.

As for Lee Iacocca, he's being bruited about as a 1988 Democratic presidential candidate. The man deserves no better. □

TOO SECRET TOO LONG
Chapman Pincher/St. Martin's Press/$19.95

John Train

One of the most effective places for a Soviet spy to work is near the top of the security service of the country he is operating against. Particularly if he is able to collect a few fellow-moles around him, he can tell his Russian masters how much that country knows about what other Soviet spies are doing, and can warn those spies if they fall under suspicion. If a defector reveals a major penetration of, let us say, the Air Force, our mole can arrange for the deliberate exposure of a lower-ranking agent within the Air Force to protect the one higher up. (A secondary agent blown in such a gambit is called *bolvan* in KGB lingo.) When the existence of a spy is suspected, the mole in the security service may be able to see to it that the case is not followed up. Finally, if one of the moles in the security service is himself suspected, the others can often protect him, or, if things get really hot, tip him off in time for him to escape. Thus Philby was able to warn his fellow-spy Maclean, in the Foreign Service, that he had been unmasked and help him escape, and (Sir) Anthony Blunt, who was in both counterespionage and Buckingham Palace, was warned by Burgess of his danger.

The total number of high-level Soviet spies exposed within MI5 (the equivalent of our FBI) and MI6 (corresponding to our CIA) is astonishing and frightening. Some others include George Blake, John Cairngross, Michael Bettaney, and perhaps Charles Howard Ellis, who did confess to spying for the Germans. Even more extraordinary is the discovery that the head of MI5, Sir Roger Hollis, the British equivalent of J. Edgar Hoover, may himself have been a Soviet spy for his nine years in that post, plus twenty years or so in previous positions.

Chapman Pincher, the West's leading investigative journalist on intelligence matters, raised this possibility in his 1981 book, *Their Trade is Treachery*, which made public many matters previously known only in intelligence circles. The book created a sensation, including a statement about it in Parliament by Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher. A great deal more on the subject has come out since, in large measure because of that book; to deal with it Chapman Pincher has now published a follow-up, *Too Secret Too Long*, which in over 600 pages examines the evidence in the case of Sir Roger Hollis. With 30 pages of footnotes, it must be the most elaborate study of an espionage case ever published (although I understand it may contain some errors or exaggerations) and one of the most remarkable on espionage in general.

Roger Hollis knew a number of Communists when he was at Oxford in the 1920s. He dropped out to go to China, where he worked as a journalist and an employee of British American Tobacco. In Shanghai he moved in a circle which included Agnes Smedley, writer, Comintern agent, and recruiter, and for a time mistress of the great Russian spy Richard Sorge; Arthur Ewert, and his wife, both Soviet agents and recruiters; and "Sonia"—actually Ursula or Ruth Kuczynski, also known as Ruth Werner, Mrs. Rudolf Hamburger, Sonia Beurton, and by other names—probably the greatest woman

John Train's most recent book is Famous Financial Fiascos *(Clarkson N. Potter/Crown).*

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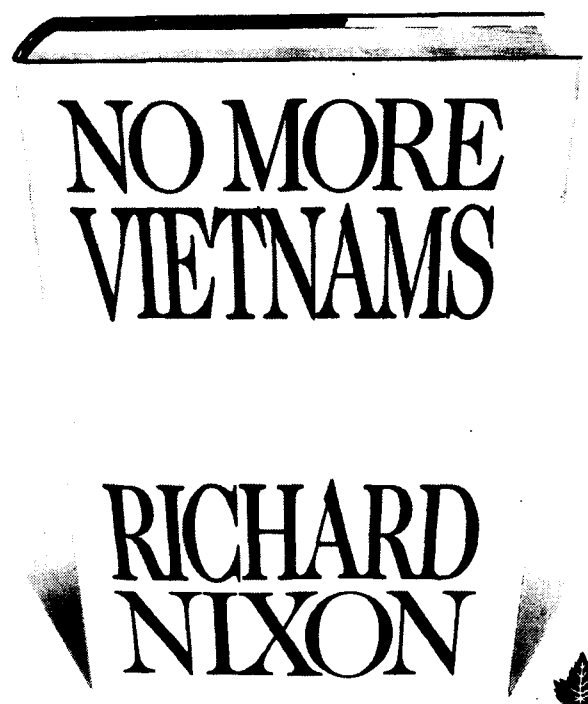

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spy of all time. Hollis may have been recruited during this period by the GRU, Soviet military intelligence, which also employed Sonia. He was in Moscow in 1934. Soviet intelligence virtually requires this pilgrimage of any important recruit, to permit indoctrination and assessment. Rejected by MI5 and MI6 after his return to England in 1937, he was in 1938 finally able to enter MI5, where he soon joined Section F, which monitored Soviet activities in the United Kingdom. Within two years he was Section F's Assistant Director, and was launched on his long climb to the top, which, however, he reached only accidentally when MI5's chief moved over to fill a vacancy as the head of MI6.

Sonia, meanwhile, had been given advanced radio training on one of her periodic trips to GRU headquarters in Moscow, and received a high Soviet decoration. Sent to Switzerland, she for a while assumed an important role in the spy ring that included the famous Alexander Foote, author of *A Handbook for Spies*. That group was then merged with the fabulously successful "Lucy" ring. Ordered to acquire British nationality by marrying Foote, she divorced her previous husband and obtained Moscow's permission to marry another Englishman, Len Beurton, instead. Her children's nanny denounced Sonia and Len to the British Consulate as spies, but the warning was ignored. In 1940 Sonia moved to London with her children but without her husband. Her brother, a highly active and effective Soviet agent who recruited atomic spy Klaus Fuchs, was also stationed in England.

Late in 1940 MI5 moved out of London, away from German bombing, to Blenheim Palace, near Oxford. Hollis was by now acting head of Section F, which brought him on to an interdepartmental group charged with monitoring British Communists and Soviet espionage.

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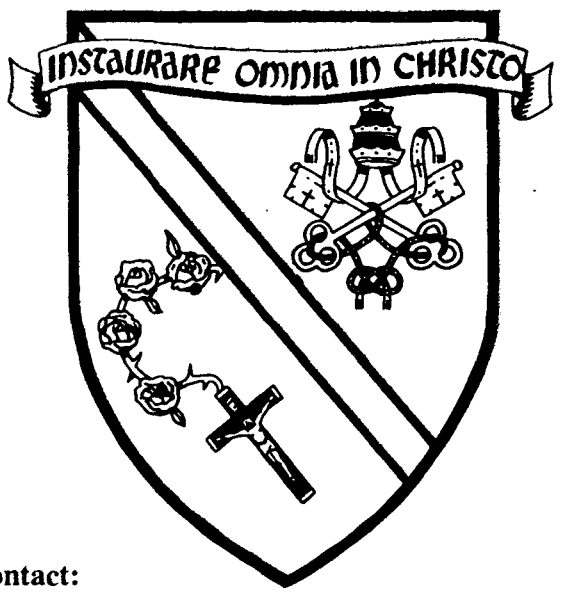

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In 1945 Igor Gouzenko, GRU cipher clerk in Ottawa, defected with a collection of well-chosen secret papers. He had prepared for his flight by memorizing a great deal of secret information. His revelations on the vast extent of Soviet spying in Canada much embarrassed the government of Mackenzie King. He also exposed Dr. Alan Nunn May, an atomic spy, as a Soviet agent, as well as "the assistant of (Secretary of State) Stettinius"—i.e., Alger Hiss. Gouzenko had learned that there was a Soviet mole called "Elli" in British counterintelligence, who was so important that he could never be contacted in person (through *treffs*), but only through dead drops (*duboks*), notably an aperture in the headstone over the grave of someone called Brown. This mole, said Gouzenko, was in a position to make MI5 dossiers on Soviet spies available to his controllers.

In this period Sonia had been moved to the immediate vicinity of Blenheim, to Oxford, where her house was near that of Roger Hollis. Just over a mile from each is the only cemetery in that area of Oxford, serving five churches. The only grave in a suitable location with a headstone that offered a hiding-place for papers read: "In loving memory of Emily Browne." In other words, there is a good chance that Hollis was being serviced by his old friend Sonia as he advanced to the top of MI5.

Another Soviet intelligence officer, Konstantin Volkov, came to the British Consulate in Istanbul at this time and offered to defect, bringing the names and covers of hundreds of Soviet spies abroad. He mentioned that there were seven in top British official roles, including one who was "Head of a Department of British Counter-Intelligence." Volkov stressed the urgency of his situation. His offer went for action to Philby in MI6, who realized that he himself was the counter-intelligence head Volkov meant.

But Philby was already supposed to go to Canada to see Gouzenko. He consulted his Russian controller, who instructed him to stay on top of the Volkov problem. So Philby arranged for Hollis, and not himself, to travel to Canada. Philby then put off going to Istanbul for over two weeks, by which time Volkov, wrapped up in bandages and on a stretcher, was flown back to Russia and killed. Hollis did go to Canada to interrogate Gouzenko, who later revealed that when he told Hollis that the GRU had a spy inside MI5 Hollis expressed no interest, and in fact only spoke to him for a few minutes, remaining standing. Hollis cabled London that he did not believe Gouzenko's report of a mole; if

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one did exist, he wasn't in MI5.

With hindsight, it can be seen how much damage Hollis may have been able to do. Here are some examples: 1) He (or his department) took Sonia's brother off the list of dangerous Communists to be kept under observation, so he was able to continue his operations. 2) Klaus Fuchs was improperly cleared, which let him transmit atomic secrets to the Soviets. 3) In 1947 Alexander Foote, who had been a member of Sonia's ring in Switzerland, defected to the British, and revealed that she was in England. Hollis essentially made no use of this information. MI5 visited her but did not search her house, which would probably have revealed her radio. (She transmitted to Moscow for six to eight years.) 4) Similarly, extensive recordings of coded Soviet clandestine radio traffic—i.e., from agents—were given to Hollis, who never requested that the sources be located by mobile radio-direction-finding vans. 5) The interrogations of Maclean in 1951, Philby in 1963, and Blunt in 1965 were apparently leaked to their subjects, with Hollis among the very few who could have done it. 6) After it became widely believed that there was a Soviet mole in MI5, some suspicion fell on Hollis's deputy Director-General, Graham Mitchell. It was proposed to interrogate him. He could have cleared himself. Hollis prevented this interrogation. 7) The KGB disseminated rumors about a top MI5 official, Michael Hanley. Only two men in MI5 had the facts that made the rumors possible. One was Hollis. 8) Prime Minister Macmillan held Hollis responsible for failing to pursue information that enabled the Portland naval spy ring to continue its work for years. (I asked Macmillan, who is 91, about Hollis, and was told that he seemed "too stupid" to have been a Soviet agent. On the other hand, he got to the top by accident, and dullness would help account for his initial lack of success.)

The most remarkable incriminating circumstance surrounding Roger Hollis's career is also perhaps the most extraordinary Soviet spy story since World War II, the Golitsin-Nosenko-Fedora sequence.

Anatoli Golitsin defected from the KGB in Helsinki. Flown to the USA, he produced a torrent of valuable material, including the news that Moscow had two important naval spies in England, one at a particularly high level. The trail of the second spy eventually led to a senior naval officer, but Hollis refused to let him be interrogated. At the same time the KGB instructed another, lower-level navy spy, who had been put on ice, to resume his activity at such a high rate as to make his discovery almost inevitable. This was John Vassall, who had been recruited in Moscow through a standard homosexual blackmail operation.

Golitsin also revealed the existence of one or more Soviet agents very close to President de Gaulle. The attempt of some French official influences to stifle their exposure is described in Leon Uris's book, *Topaz*. (The real codename for the operation was "Sapphire.") An issue of *Life* based on that book and describing this amazing episode at length, with photographs of some of the key participants, was suppressed in France, and to this day the story is little known there outside official circles.

In 1964 another KGB officer, Yuri Nosenko, defected to the CIA from Geneva. He produced little important verifiable information, but claimed to have been in the KGB unit assigned to investigate whether the KGB had been involved with Lee Harvey Oswald, Kennedy's assassin. Nosenko claimed that the conclusion had been that the KGB had judged Oswald unstable, and not safe to deal with. (The Soviets understandably went to considerable lengths to put this idea forward during that period.) He added that Oswald was not even under surveillance; this was later proved false. Nosenko also said that the KGB's big British Navy spy was a homosexual, and that he had provided information at the highest level. This focused attention on Vassall, who confessed, and was sentenced to eighteen years: *bolvan*. However, Vassall later satisfied his interrogators that he had never seen the most important documents attributed to him by Nosenko, who might have been protecting the top-ranking spy. Was Hollis doing the same? Hollis thereafter gave credit for the Vassall break to Nosenko, rather than Golitsin.

In 1962 a KGB officer working in the U.N. began feeding information to a grateful FBI, who gave him the codename "Fedora." "Fedora's" information, which went promptly to the White House, supported Nosenko, and thus Hollis, against Golitsin. However, after ten years of providing what is today considered disinformation, Fedora returned to the Soviet Union, and the FBI now admits that he was a plant.

At the time of his defection Golitsin mentioned that the KGB was contemplating the assassination of a Northern European opposition leader. And indeed in 1962 Hugh Gaitskell, leader of the Labour opposition, suddenly died of an exceedingly exotic affliction (systemic lupus erythematosus) after a visit to the Soviet Consulate, where, as he mentioned to his physician before he expired, he had been given coffee and biscuits. His death, and the resultant loss of his moderating influence, which made possible Labour's later swing to the far left, was dismissed by Hollis. However, CIA counterintelligence under James Angleton uncovered Soviet research papers describing the artificial production of the same fatal symptoms. (The KGB "Department of Wet Affairs," which conducts widespread assassinations and kidnappings, is described in a 1965 Senate report entitled "Murder and Kidnapping as an Instrument of Soviet Policy.")

In the 1960s there was widespread suspicion of Hollis, and beginning in 1970 he was subjected to formal interrogation. There have been further reviews since his death in 1973. The British government has never admitted his guilt, and indeed it would serve little purpose for it to do so now.

Many people find secret intelligence matters antipathetic or worse, and many ask how important they are. Shouldn't one just forget the whole subject? Well, as to several members of the group we have been discussing and their confrères, one can add up a price tag. Philby is now credited with having had a large part in the deaths of up to a thousand trained men in one series of operations alone. Maclean, by passing on that the U.S. did not intend to use nuclear weapons in Korea, may have permitted the Chinese to intervene, preventing a military victory. The damage done by Geoffrey Arthur Prime, a Soviet spy permitted by lax security to operate inside GCHQ, Britain's equivalent of our NSA, may according to Pincher have cost the U.S. about a billion dollars. (When Prime wanted to resign from GCHQ, his Russian controllers made no objection, suggesting that they had a well-placed replacement there.) Through the knowledge they collected from Prime and his American counterparts, the Russians were enabled to mislead the West about their progress in missile

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development. Discovery of that deception, in turn, was a major reason for the Senate's rejection of SALT II. Indirect damage, such as that caused by having Philby lecture senior British government officials on the political and military intentions of the Red Chinese, is impossible to assess.

To make a recurrence of these conditions less likely, Pincher pushes hard for Parliamentary oversight of Britain's intelligence and counterintelligence operations. In this he is supported by much of Fleet Street, journalists being the natural enemies of secrecy. Some British intelligence professionals reply that extensive Parliamentary oversight would undermine the Official Secrets Act, which is useful. The British conception is that official secrets belong to the Crown, which as it were lends them to the user. This permits *in camera* trials of offenders under the Act, protecting names and methods. Investigations of sensitive matters can be carried out by Royal Commissions. Indeed, we can see right here what happens when oversight committees, with their political interests and extensive staffs, rummage around in sensitive matters: Along with the advantages there are leaks, the drying up of sources, and other problems.

All this is the quickest possible summary (with footnotes of my own) of just some parts of the extraordinarily rich information in *Too Secret Too Long*. Anyone interested in these matters, whether or not he accepts Pincher's thesis, will be fascinated by the book. □

THE GOOD NEWS IS THE BAD NEWS IS WRONG

Ben Wattenberg/Simon and Schuster/$17.95

Mary Tedeschi

Consider America in the closing months of 1982. Over 10 percent of its labor force was unemployed, and the nation's media had eyes for nothing else. America was the land of soup kitchens and cheese lines, its people ragged and broken. Husbands beat their wives, fathers beat their children, and those who had no one to beat became criminals instead. America was a Walker Evans photograph brought to life. America was a trailer park without begonias.

Or was it? Enter Ben Wattenberg—demographer, columnist, sociologist-at-large—who has emerged from the *Statistical Abstracts* with a question of his own:

> Are three or four months of unemployment (typical), with unemployment compensation (typical), with the likelihood of a second earner (typical), likely to lead to deep trauma, shattered families, battered wives?

Wattenberg delights in vandalism like this. Choose any other portrait of America from the media's latest collection; chances are that Wattenberg has defaced it beyond repair. They are all on display in *The Good News Is the Bad News Is Wrong*, a picaresque tale of one man's journey through the media mausoleum.

And what was Wattenberg's America in 1982? It was a country that spent more on video games than the entire GNP ($37 billion) of Panama. Over 25 million of its people attended professional football and basketball games, while 21 million paid to hear orchestras perform. Between 1970 and 1982, the number of Americans who traveled abroad rose 60 percent.

The number attending greyhound races climbed to 21 million, and the number of cable television subscribers soared from 4.5 to 21 million. "Where," asks Wattenberg, sensibly enough, "did all that money come from, right in the middle of a grievous economic period?"

The answer, of course, is that times were not as grievous in 1982 as the media insisted they were. Likewise, in Wattenberg's portrait of America today, it is impossible to discern the racist, sexist, warlike hues that daily appear in the news. There is nothing particularly ominous about the unemployment rate for black teenagers; if we exclude those who are in school or at home taking care of their children, the rate becomes not 40 but around 10 percent. There is no such thing as a causal link between gender and destitution (the so-called "feminization of poverty"); one-parent families have always been a major correlative of poverty, regardless of whether the parent is male or female. There is no reason to believe that the black rate of illegitimate births is *per se* symptomatic of a pathological disorder; as Wattenberg observes, the rate of illegitimate births in Sweden is 40 percent, and our social workers never suggest that the Swedes are mired in a "self-perpetuating tangle of pathology." ("Why," he asks pointedly, "does it automatically mean that among black Americans?")

Wattenberg illuminates hundreds of statistics like these, along the way correcting a wealth of distorted impressions: on the truly moneyed lobbyists (the two top spenders by far are Common Cause and Handgun Control, Inc.), on the American dream of homeowning (the percentage of married couples under 30 who own their homes rose from 49 percent in 1970 to 62 percent in 1982), on the plight of the elderly (by including non-cash benefits, he shows that only *4.1 percent* live below the poverty line), and, not least, on education and integration (in 1982, the median years of school completed by 25-29 year-olds was 12.9 for whites and 12.7 for blacks).

Wattenberg's America, in short, is thoroughly at odds with the images of this country that have come to dominate the news—so thoroughly, in fact, that the obvious question suggests itself on each and every page. Why, in the book's own terms, do the media get so many stories so very wrong? To be sure, Wattenberg does not indict the media wholesale. There are 1,700 daily newspapers in this country, and most of them do not deserve the ridicule that a handful have labored to earn. Likewise, there are wire services that produce hundreds of straightforward stories every day. Wattenberg's quarrel is not with the rank and file, but with the highly visible elite—the journalists of our major newspapers, weekly magazines, and television networks.

The sources of their limitations, he suggests, are myriad. Mass media have a commercial bias toward sensationalism; thus, they prefer events (scandals, riots, marches, and so on) to phenomena that develop over time. The events that are deemed newsworthy are in turn distorted by the left-wing politics and personal self-righteousness that are rampant among prominent journalists. Such are the traits that create the news as we know it—a synopsis of reality that is not exactly false, but carefully tailored to the requirements of ideology and commerce.

This process of selection, of course, is not without its champions. For some, the biggest story of the decade was uncovered when the media managed to locate a restaurateur—perhaps the last in America—who refused to integrate his lunch counter. Other media fans are no doubt eagerly awaiting the debut of the next endangered arthropod. But for everyone else, and for Wattenberg in particular, the news is not so simple. Indeed, what if the most important stories of our time are not about events at all?

For example, life expectancy: It has increased more in the past decade (by 2.6 years) than in any other decade of this century. Or integration: The

Mary Tedeschi is managing editor of the Public Interest.

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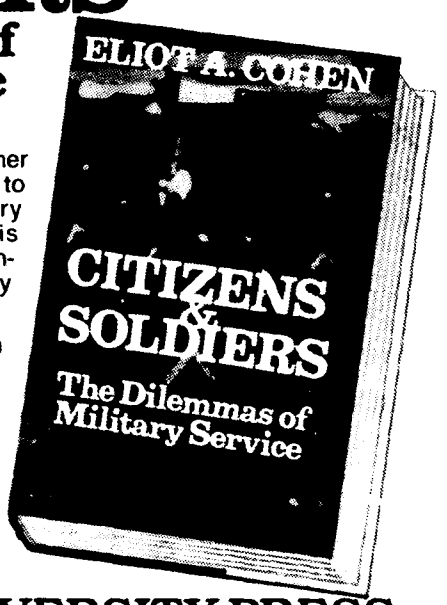

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number of blacks in college has increased tenfold since 1950, while the percentage of all blacks living in suburbs has doubled. Or safety in transportation: During 1980 and 1981, only one passenger died in nearly 11 million airline flights (he fell from a gangplank). Or, above all, the technological innovations whose effect on American life is too ubiquitous even to quantify: self-regulating cameras, miracle drugs, walkmans, word processors, laser surgery, VCRs, and, what is perhaps the single least appreciated wonder of the age, air conditioning.

What this list captures is Wattenberg's unique contribution to the annals of media criticism. Everyone knows that the media elite make a travesty of objectivity. Wattenberg, corroborating this, adduces something more. The media have failed not only to meet their audience's standards of competence; they have even failed to meet their own. They have missed the biggest stories of our time: the developments and trends that will shape America most in the decades to come.

In demonstrating as much, Wattenberg is a paragon of the virtues that his targets so conspicuously lack. He is reasonable; he is fair; and above all, he respects and heeds the dictates of common sense. It is all the more curious, then, that even Wattenberg lapses into intermittent distress. He worries now and then about the media's effect on the stock market, on the decision to have children, on the election of politicians—on a whole range of choices that are based in part on wagers about the future.

Wattenberg should surely relax. On his own account, the American people are as optimistic as ever about their country and their future; and with the election of 1984, they dealt a telling blow to the apocalyptic guardians of the news. The media are not and never have been as important as they believe themselves to be, and with every passing lawsuit, their tattered credibility is rent anew. If there is a flaw in Wattenberg's own portrait of America, it is that this one corner of his canvas is not quite bright enough. □

T.S. ELIOT: A LIFE
Peter Ackroyd/Simon and Schuster/$24.95

T. John Jamieson

"How unpleasant to meet Mr. Eliot!" begins one of his *Five Finger Exercises*. But, as Peter Ackroyd shows us, how much more unpleasant to *be* Mr. Eliot—wracked by the insecurity of his literary reputation, his finances, and his mental and physical health, married to a hopeless neurotic who sought his attention by psychological torture, unsure whether tomorrow his poetic inspiration might fail him permanently. . . . There can be no doubt that Eliot's waste land was a personal one.

But wasn't much of this his fault? Relentless ambition propelled him into a life of affectation and a milieu of dangerous acquaintances—the perverse and petty monstrosities of Bloomsbury, certainly no school of normal behavior. During his thirties he drank, connived at getting people to call him "the Captain," and wore green powder on his face. True, he could not foresee the consequences of marrying badly and on bad advice. (Bertrand Russell said that marriage would make a man of him—and then took Vivien Eliot to the seashore.) Perhaps his survival as a writer demanded that he abandon his wife, who would eventually be committed to an asylum; though he continued to support her, it was nonetheless something to regret for the rest of his life. The abject humility and grievous loss of the later Eliot came with a profound sense of time wasted in folly and ignorance.

Ackroyd's biography covers the whole of Eliot's life but studies the first marriage in greatest detail. Since the second Mrs. Eliot, the poet's former secretary, strictly controls his papers, this study became possible only when the first Mrs. Eliot's brother, Maurice, began recently to talk—apparently feeling remorse over the part he played in helping Eliot evade his wife problem. As is well known, Eliot wished that no biography be written. To express her entire disapproval of Ackroyd's project, the second Mrs. Eliot refused permission to quote from her husband's published works. Since the book suffers from an academic style anyway, the absence of supporting quotations in Ackroyd's commentary on the poetry makes the reading only duller. Later stretches seem only a chronology of Eliot's frequent respiratory complaints and dental work.

The abnormality of Eliot's life begins in St. Louis. A congenital double-hernia doomed him to the society of his sisters and of a mother with literary aspirations of her own. The cultural aridity of Unitarianism and upper-middle class urban life made for a drab existence that left his morbid sense of an inner "void" all the more desperate; the bourgeois respect for Arnoldian "Culture" provided no strategy for relief. Instead it created an inexorable sense of rootlessness: For Eliot, being a provincial was a state of mind. It led him to Harvard, to Irving Babbitt's defense of Western civilization, to the study of Sanskrit, to France and Charles Maurras's rightist *Action Française*, to British citizenship; to the founding of the *Criterion* and the advocacy of an artificial cultural concept ("the mind of Europe"), and to writing a new kind of poetry; to some satisfaction in the Christian faith—though C.S. Lewis and Christopher Dawson would be deeply suspicious of the ideological tendency, the sociological emphasis, of Eliot's public faith.

The most marvelous and fondly remembered year of Eliot's life was 1910: Having graduated from Harvard, he went to Paris to study at the Sorbonne. The land of Baudelaire was the place to loosen up a little after heavy doses of Irving Babbitt's "Inner Check," a doctrine that at first had seemed a remedy for the chaos of his own inner "void." But this loosening was mostly vicarious, confined as it was to his poetry, and it was doctrinal:

T. John Jamieson's essay on Eliot, Babbitt, and Maurras will appear in the forthcoming festschrift, Irving Babbitt in Our Time *(Catholic University of America).*

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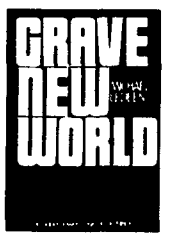

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The values of "order" and "discipline," which had a moral emphasis in Babbitt, received an aesthetic and political emphasis from the poet-critic and proto-Fascist Maurras. The *Action Française* also provided a congenial milieu and a manner: The swaggering, dandified youths who hawked Maurras's newspaper, who received riot training on an island in the Seine, and who occasionally punched out an unpatriotic professor at the Sorbonne inspired new affectations.

Eliot thought of adopting French nationality but instead returned to Harvard as a cosmopolitan. He parted his hair in back and carried a cane—alas, it was not lead-filled, and he swung it rather awkwardly. Consequently, Ackroyd misuses the term "dandy" in describing Eliot's graduate school pose. The nineteenth-century dandy, represented by Brummell and his imitators, was a figure of supreme assurance; this Eliot decidedly lacked. His icy self-control more closely resembled catalepsy than poise; later on, Virginia Woolf thought of him as "the corpse." He may have conceived of England as a place for schizoid Americans to hide.

At Oxford he studied the idealist philosophy of F.H. Bradley (in Bradley's own college, Merton), analyzing the experience of the isolated self in a universe of isolated selves. Bradley was a non-teaching fellow and was rarely seen even crossing the courtyard; Eliot's tutor, Joachim, shut the windows in case the old boy might by chance hear the students discussing his work. Ackroyd suggests that Joachim's tutorials introduced to Eliot's prose the habit of over-qualification and retreat into disclaimers—"his conversation, so nicely/Restricted to What Precisely/And If and Perhaps and But."

Then came the marriage, a disaster from the start, with its constant movement, illness, and panic. As things became worse, Vivien would go to a sanitorium, the seaside, the country, or the continent, while Eliot stayed in the city, working at the bank; or Eliot would escape for a few days in the same way, alone. Vivien loved and depended on him and attempted to help him as she could; he, in turn, tried to involve her in his work. She copied over parts of the *Waste Land* manuscript by hand, advising her husband on the portrayal of the hysterical woman, and even contributed short stories to the *Criterion*. But the theatrical streak common to both partners determined that public hostilities would break out anew. Her bad health, and life with a poet, made her tragedy. An interesting figure in her own right, she currently receives attention not only from this book but also from Michael Hasting's new play, *Tom and Viv*. This is the year of Vivien.

The "breakdown" from which *The Waste Land* emerged now seems only one episode in a continuing cycle of nervous prostration. In this instance the remedy for a bad case of writer's block was to write whatever came; this "automatic writing" resulted in a meandering series of fragments whose relative worth Eliot could not judge; he therefore turned his work over to Pound for editing. Apparently, the act of composition was the therapy which restored him on this occasion, not the treatment of a "pre-Freudian" psychiatrist at Lausanne, Dr. Vittoz, who placed his hands on the patient's head to sense the electromagnetic waves.

Some months after Eliot's recovery, Osbert and Sacheverell Sitwell noticed that he wore face powder—"pale but distinctly green, the colour of forced lily-of-the-valley." Perhaps Eliot took the suggestion from *Rousseau and Romanticism*, where Babbitt quotes Theophile Gautier: The fashion of the romantic school was to look "pale, livid, greenish, a little cadaverous if

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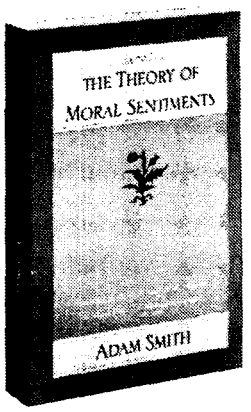

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possible . . . giving the air of the fatal, the Byronic, the giaour, devoured by passion and remorse." The Sitwells rationalized: Fearing bourgeois respectability as a mere bank employee, Eliot was desperate to assert his poetic character. Actually, Eliot found the discipline imposed by his job to be beneficial, and he needed the money.

Ackroyd nods to all the issues raised in the voluminous criticism of Eliot and his work, but contributes little toward settling any. One is obliged at least to speculate upon them. For example: What did religion really mean to Eliot? Ackroyd only takes a skeptical attitude, citing what he calls Bradleyian "relativism" and Eliot's apparent fear of an abyss of uncertainty within the self. Ackroyd pretentiously refers to thinkers whom Eliot cited, admired, and presumably felt the influence of: But the slight discussion he does provide exhibits little comprehension and enlightens the non-specialist reader less. Yet this question of intellectual influences remains one of the most interesting frontiers for study. Unable to articulate a political philosophy for himself, Eliot in 1926 assembled a list of authorities for a modern conservative outlook: Sorel (an ex-leftist with a cult of violence and "political myth"), Maurras (the "Catholic atheist"), Benda (author of *The Treason of the Intellectuals*), Hulme ("classicist"), Maritain, Babbitt. What did Eliot like about them? What would they have contributed to his ideal system? The ideological climate between the wars, with its profound corruption, did not leave Eliot untainted; in general, intellectual discourse was too polluted for mere men of letters to see their way out of the crisis. In their turn, mere literary scholars of today such as Ackroyd are helpless to analyze the situation Eliot faced. One must do more than note Maurras as an anti-Semite; one should care enough to establish that Babbitt probably advised Eliot against Maurras, and that the six men mentioned would not have suffered each other's company.

Sarcastic as he is, I do not think that Ackroyd detests Eliot personally. He resents rather the god of academic criticism and the mummified prophet of a palimpsest Western culture gathered from a heap of fragments. Truly, Eliot was too fragile a vessel to hold the entire West in himself, though he struggled mightily. The poetry remains great, but the poet, all too prone to affectation and role-playing, suffered from institutionalization at the hands of the Nobel committee and departments of English literature. Commenting on the tour of American campuses in the 1950s which attracted thousands, Ackroyd says that Eliot

> had become a kind of totem; his extraordinary authority was based on that sense of a cultural order which he had once sought and which, by the strange alchemy of his career, he now embodied. He had become the representative of a tradition which, without his presence, might finally disappear, and the fact that he now had very little left to say only heightened the almost ritualistic sense of occasion which that presence provided.

Eliot acquired wisdom; he led many to the principles of faith and order, and will continue to. Yet Ackroyd's caricature—the Eliot who *became* The West *in order to save it* single-handedly—is not unfair to the illusions of the poet and his admirers. □

POISONED IVY

Benjamin Hart/Stein and Day/$16.95

Malcolm Gladwell

The most stunning moment of *Poisoned Ivy*, the collegiate memoir of *Dartmouth Review* co-founder Ben Hart, occurs when Hart accuses the liberals running Dartmouth of being wimps. It's not so much that the charge is surprising, especially since one of the principal accomplishments of *Poisoned Ivy* is to place manhood and virility squarely to the right of the political spectrum. But what is arresting is the air of extraordinary moral authority Hart assumes. Speaking of left-leaning Dartmouth President John Kemeny, for example, Hart is devastating, quoting a friend—"The man hates everything with a hint of macho"—before finishing off the indictment himself: "Kemeny was not in good physical shape. His complexion was pasty, as if he had not ventured out of doors since taking office. He was a chain smoker with a chronic cough."

On the subject of Kemeny's successor, David McLaughlin, Hart's reasoning is more rigorous. At first he saw hope in the new appointment: "McLaughlin, on the other hand, was virile. He had been tremendous as a tight-end for Dartmouth in the early 50s, and, in fact, went on to play pro football for the Philadelphia Eagles." But when those hopes were shattered, and the Dartmouth presidency became as much a forum for liberalism as before, Hart alone read the signs: "This was the new David McLaughlin, no longer the bronzed image of masculinity he once was. Physical deterioration had set in. He had suffered a recent heart attack."

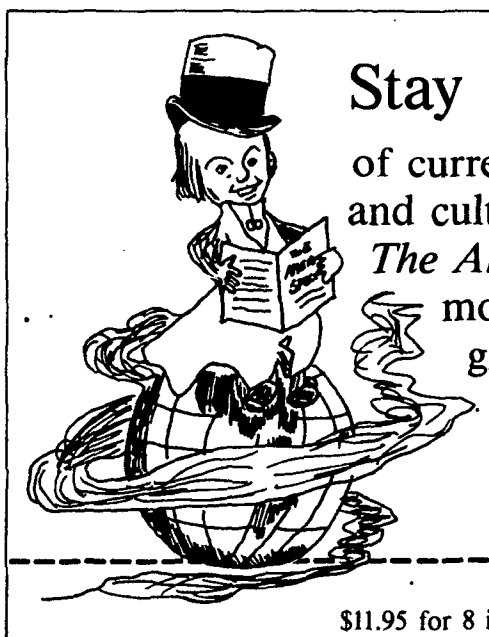
Throughout the bitter and now-famous struggle between Hart's outspokenly conservative *Dartmouth Review* and the faculty of Dartmouth College, this is how the battle lines were drawn in Hart's mind. To him, liberals had adopted Dartmouth's original injunction to take the sons of the "gentlemen of Virginia" and "make *Men* of them" and, by adhering to an effete anti-traditional agenda, entirely perverted it.

Could the new Dartmouth man play football? Or quaff ten beers without batting an eyelash? These are key themes for Hart, who sees in them the true Dartmouth experience. "Teevens was a legend," he writes of a classmate, "partly because of his exploits in athletics, but also because of what he represented off the playing field. He could always be found in the Beta basement playing William Tell with a plastic cup and a keg of beer, or wrestling on the floor with his younger brother." Hart's conclusion is sober: "Buddy Teevens represented the old Dartmouth." There, in a man's world, Hart finds nobility. Didn't the British once say that their Empire was won on the playing fields of Eton? True, that may have only been a figure of speech, but Hart wants to take it literally. "Athletics," he writes, "highlight a truth about life that people often do not like to face, a truth that is not readily apparent in the classroom." The old Dartmouth knew that. Giants in their time, he constantly reminds himself, like "Daniel Webster, Robert Frost, and Nelson Rockefeller [!] walked these same paths."

But now? At a gathering of faculty, Hart's analysis is scathing: "Some wore leather jackets or ponchos. Burlap bags, funny looking shoes, blue jeans, and beards seemed to be the uniform." This was moral collapse. Ideological disfiguration. If they couldn't dress, how could they think? Or enjoy a football game? Or spend an evening of drinking in a fraternity basement? "It's all somehow connected," Hart later insists. "Feminism, atheism, Marxism, liberalism, and unattractiveness."

It is not clear what Ben Hart would like to do with all the liberals at Dartmouth, or even if he thinks there is no leftism fifty pushups and a can of beer can't fix. Indeed, it is not even clear whether Hart would like us to consider these questions at all, since, at the margin, he does not pretend this is a particularly thoughtful book. →

Malcolm Gladwell is assistant editor at the Ethics and Public Policy Center in Washington, D.C.



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What *Poisoned Ivy* does do, however, and do very well, is illuminate that most peculiar of American phenomena—the Ivy League college. The premise behind the Ivies, of course, was originally very English: that in educating the children of the upper classes the imparting of values and the shaping of character was as important as academic preparation. While other Ivies, Harvard for instance, have in some sense departed from this mold by a greater emphasis on academic achievement, Dartmouth is still very conscious of its social role. The reputation it has had, and maintained, of a "party" college for the rich—the USC of the east, as some have called it—is largely accurate. It has not been and is not an academically "elite" college in any sense of the word. Statistics from the class of '87, for example, show that a great percentage of Dartmouth's regular-admission, non-affirmative action students are academically mediocre. Of a class 87 percent white, almost 60 percent of the total were 'B' students in high school, and almost 20 percent were 'C' and below. Further, 22 percent were in the second 20 percent of their high school class, and over 30 percent were between the 40th and 60th percentile.

Dartmouth's purpose is to produce not scholars but citizens. What one alumnus recalls about the Dartmouth of the thirties—"President Hopkins was like a father to me. He once said that if I wasn't an asset to my family, my community, and my country when I left Dartmouth, Dartmouth had failed"—is still largely true today. This is, one assumes, what Ben Hart is driving at in his descriptions of the thrills of male camaraderie and tackle football. And this notion of good citizenship also explains the Dartmouth faculty's current and unshakable allegiance to so virulent a strain of liberalism.

That being said, I wonder whether the social philosophy of Dartmouth put forth by Hart lives up to that of the school's past. The old English schools always had the sense of *noblesse oblige.* At their best, the Tom Browns and the men of Rudyard Kipling were adherents to "muscular Christianity," not just athletes but also men of conscience. It is precisely this strain of altruism, however, that Hart mocks in the new Dartmouth mentality, derisively quoting one Dartmouth student—"The purpose of this college is to instill an *ethos* into its students, so that no matter what they do, they will have some idea that an education is a means to serving society, instead of just a ticket to a fat salary."

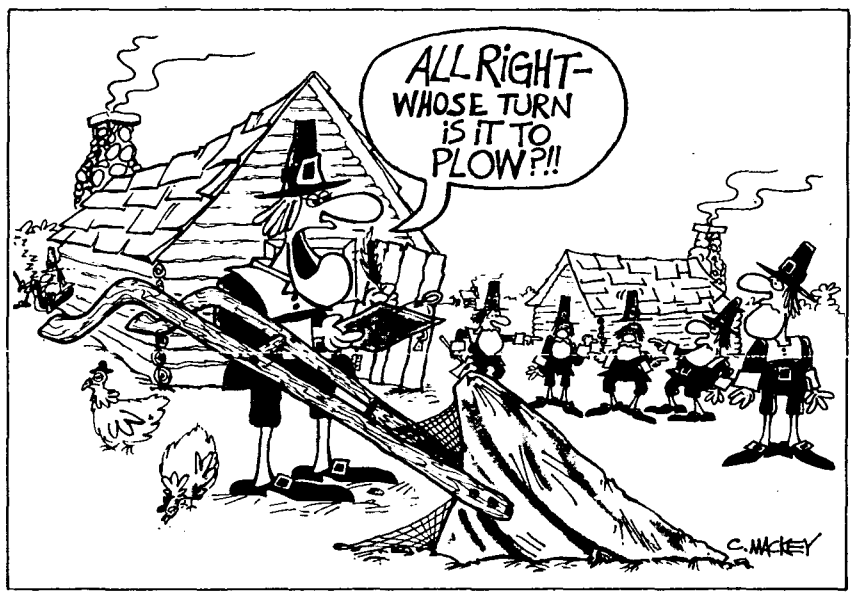
Hart is rightly disgruntled with the extent to which the Dartmouth conscience is being put to left-leaning political purposes, but that should not obscure the principle that a school based as Dartmouth appears to be upon lines of class needs a charitable impulse to give it legitimacy. This Hart's vision does not have.

Consider, for example, Hart's views on affirmative action. Without impugning quotas that are in and of themselves compelling, it is important to note that the case against them is most applicable to an elite situation, a situation where the targeted group is harmed because it cannot compete with other entrants, and where those excluded are harmed because they are arbitrarily denied a place they otherwise deserve. This is why these arguments are made most effectively about law and medical schools. But can they be made about Dartmouth College?

If Dartmouth has so clearly departed from the standards of an "elite" school, then the suspension of academic qualifications for minority students is hardly egregious. In fact, the so-called social benefits of Dartmouth would seem to be just as easily applied to upper-class whites as lower-class blacks. The old boy network that Dartmouth is a part of has long advanced graduates not so much on their merit as on their connections. The case for

Pilgrims' Progress

The Pilgrims Were Communists



At least they set out to be. Plymouth Bay Colony was established as a commune according to the socialist dictum, "From each according to his ability, to each according to his need." And so each pilgrim contributed his harvest to a common storehouse from which everyone withdrew food as needed.

However, the assurance that they would be fed from the common store, regardless of their contribution to it, had a peculiarly disabling effect on the colonists. Soon there were more needy consumers than able producers, and the pilgrims very nearly starved to death.

Desperate to avert tragedy, Governor Bradford proclaimed that each colonist would thereafter be free to do whatever he chose with the fruits of his labor. In other words, he established a free market. Bradford recorded the outcome in his diary, from which the following is adapted.

"This had very good success. It made all hands very industrious, so as much more corn was planted than otherwise would have been by means I, or any other, could use. It saved me a great deal of trouble and gave far better results.

The women went willingly into the field and took little-ones with them to set corn. Before, they would allege weakness and inability, and to have forced them to work would have been thought tyranny and oppression.

By this time harvest was come and, instead of famine, now God gave them plenty. And some of the abler and more industrious sort had food to spare to sell to others, so as any general want or famine has not been amongst them since to this day."

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letting blacks in on this game comes down, in the absence of traditional objections, to charity. Why not let a ghetto kid benefit from going to school with the son of the president of Exxon? It is a condescending gesture, but nevertheless a real one. And something those who have a definite idea of their obligations to society would willingly do.

Hart seems, in the end, to have less of an affinity with the old educational ethos than simply with an upper-class summer-camp hedonism. The endless descriptions of fraternity drinking games and breathless accounts of friends' outfits—"Jones was wearing a blue-and-white-striped seersucker jacket, white flannel trousers rolled up at the cuffs, loafers and white socks . . . "—make that abundantly clear. Even Hart's attitude toward what he calls the "apposite sex" has less to do with Daniel Webster and Robert Frost than with Nelson Rockefeller.

Girlfriends are "acquired"; Hart makes a hilarious if inadequate defense of a fraternity under fire for its annual snow sculpture of female breasts: "Clearly Sigma Nu never considered making a snow sculpture of a woman's personality." And consider the adolescent sentiment in: "An ugly girl can smile and blink all she wants. It won't do her any good." Or Hart's sudden pang of frat-boy angst: "What if I married someone who looked great and she turned out to be a bitch?" Maturity, if you want to call it that, comes by the end of the book: "I really liked this girl. I found her to be more than good to look at. She had a gifted mind as well."

These are not particularly edifying attitudes, and it is difficult to see what made them so worthy of Hart's ministrations. Others at the *Dartmouth Review* have grasped the nature of the struggle much better than he has, and have realized that there is in the old notion of the Ivy League a certain nobility. To find that notion, though, it is necessary to go beyond collegiate high-jinks and leave the fraternity behind. When Ben Hart does that he will, no doubt, write a better book, but until then we can agree only with the plaintive premise of *Poisoned Ivy*: Ben Hart was educated at Dartmouth and is manifestly displeased with the results. □

THE HOUSE OF MUSIC:
ART IN AN ERA OF INSTITUTIONS
Samuel Lipman/David R. Godine/$22.50; $12.50 paper

Colin Welch

"My music is not only music," declared Wagner, earning himself a cold rebuke from Nietzsche—"What true musician ever spoke like that?" "My music criticism is not only music criticism," Samuel Lipman might just say. Yet no one could doubt that it is a true music critic whose pieces (mostly from *Commentary*) are here collected. The house of music is a holy place to him. Of it he is the faithful unsleeping watchdog, ferocious, formidably intelligent and well-schooled, ever on guard against low standards in composition, repertory, and performance, like a mastiff with brains and taste. Is he fearless? Well, he is kinder to some moderns than I would be, as most critics have been since Hanslick was floored by Wagner—the great man-bites-dog sensation of nineteenth-century Vienna. He is certainly unafraid to snap at the most distinguished ankles—Schwarzkopf in Wolf, "coyness," "entirely inadequate," "nervousness and self-pity"; Fischer-Dieskau in Wolf, "verging on the hysterical," shouting, crooning, "overwrought, fussy," "fostering . . . the pathology, hysteria and instability" which are "most readily accessible to the contemporary (i.e., modern) listener," but which are "not all, or even the best part, of what Hugo Wolf's art is about." Phew!

A real terror, then, this Lipman? He has his softer side—a record of Grieg's *Elegiac Melody* reminds him "of what aching beauty can be produced by a great string section [the Boston Symphony] under a great conductor" (Koussevitsky). But such melting moments are rare.

Barking at the door of the New York City Opera, he flies at some dear old friends—Puccini's *Tosca*, Flotow's *Martha*, Bizet's *Carmen*, all "tentative and a bit vulgar in appeal." What, all? Even *Carmen*? Call the witness Nietzsche!

He snaps at Nicolai's *Merry Wives of Windsor*, "of no more than historical interest." Good heavens: I thought it was the sparkling melodies and ensembles, the high spirits and poetry of this enchanting work that I adored, though historical interest can hardly be denied to a piece which so felicitously combines elements of Weber and Mendelssohn. Rossini's *Cinderella* is for Mr. Lipman a "banality," unsuitable for a "prestigious" (sic) airing at the City. Yet a few pages later we find him implicitly lamenting that the Met can find no time for Victor Herbert's *Natoma*, Deems Taylor's *King's Henchman*, and Howard Hanson's *Merry Mount*—"resonant presences in the history books." Good stuff there may be in all these, but better than Nicolai and Rossini? I bet not.

In general, Mr. Lipman growls at *bel canto* operas, wags his tail for "solid works," "true heavyweights" like *Don Giovanni*, *Die Meistersinger*, *Der Rosenkavalier*, and *Pelleas et Melisande*. He suggests (perhaps rightly) that the City Opera lacks the stars for the former and the "necessary concentration and investment" for the latter. Perhaps it should therefore avoid both: But it is the latter deficiency, I think, he deplores most.

Comedy in art is not, I suspect, Mr. Lipman's forte: Even Verdi's *Falstaff* he damns with faint praise—"a certain picaresque grandeur." This is odd, since his own sense of the ridiculous is mordant and unerring. An American leftist called Rzewski wrote variations on *The People United Will Never Be Defeated*, a radical song from Allende's Chile. Harold Schonberg of the *New York Times* magnanimously called it "an ingenious heartfelt piece. . . . It is of course not necessary to consider Mr. Rzewski's politics or the message he was trying to convey." Mr. Lipman shrewdly wonders "whether a similarly ingenious and heartfelt piece based on an Afrikaner marching song would be granted a similar exemption from consideration of its politics." *Touché*?

Not only music criticism: In order to keep inviolate the blest hall of song, our watchdog ranges far and wide over the neighboring terrain, over the society and culture which produces music, organizes it, pays for it, "loves" it (many), understands it (alas, few).

He criticizes other critics, and not only for their music criticism either. He takes Shaw to bits both as critic and thinker: high ideals and high income, "hits and misses . . . excesses of praise and criticism, prejudices . . . cruel eugenic fantasies, an exponent of 'progressive' opinion ugly then and now." He ridicules Shaw's eulogies of Goetz, as also Harold Schonberg for liking Spohr, Raff, Kalkbrenner, Hummel, and Reger better than Elliott Carter. Well, of critics now out of fashion, there is often something lovable about what they loved, something hateful about what they vainly opposed. Think of old Hanslick, not all wrong.

Like many good watchdogs, ours is an elitist, a snob unashamed. He views the musical audience as necessarily limited, "largely self-selecting, a relatively small public marked by the willingness to make sacrifices of other pleasure for the sake of artistic experience." On these few, on family, friends, and tasteful houseguests (no blaring brass for them!), he leaps up with rapture. At the *hoi polloi* his hackles rise alarmingly. Those who strive to enlarge the audience by coercive or vulgar means he savages with a fearful relish. He bares his fangs at boosters and do-gooders who chase with public funds after audiences "in inner cities and barren wastes, youth centers and homes for the aged, schools and prisons"; at musical "Workshops, Lecture/Demonstrations, Educational or Community Programs"; at a concert series billed "Mozart, I Love You Madly"; at Zubin Mehta playing music from *Star Wars* for 17,500 screaming pop fans in the Hollywood Bowl; at televised concerts which distract attention from the music onto "emoting, gesticulating coiffured conductors"; at a Public Broadcasting Service gala fund-raising concert which featured not only Freni, Ghiaurov, Milnes, Bergonzi, Domingo, and Bumbry but also Miss Piggy (who addressed the conductor as "big mouth Levine"), Cleo Laine and John Dankworth. *Grrr, snap, crack, ouch, grrrrr . . . .*

Not only music criticism, but criticism of society, and in particular of modern educational quackery which, applied to an already precarious academic discipline, allowed bright students to drift off into primitivism and irrationality, and produced between 1965 and 1975 an academic lost generation. Music studies are no longer valued for themselves, but as "ego

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Colin Welch writes regularly for the London Spectator.

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therapy for the socially disadvantaged or as a tool for democratizing elite values." Like their contemporaries, music and students lack general culture. Lecturing at Aspen on Liszt's *Mephisto Waltz*, Mr. Lipman found no one there who knew the vague outlines of the Faust legend, not to mention Lenau's, Goethe's, or Mann's treatment of it. Confronted by such massive ignorance, what can our watchdog do but roll over and sham dead?

As I have said, with less diffidence perhaps than would be proper, Mr. Lipman's standards and my own are not always identical. Perhaps they would coincide more nearly if I shared his prodigious learning and understanding: He is often operating beyond the frontiers of my knowledge. Whatever is said even in praise of Elliott Carter, for instance, has had the effect of frightening me off. I cannot end, however, without expressing my respect and gratitude for a man like Mr. Lipman who, in a sliding and disintegrating culture, sets high standards and has the courage and skill to defend them resolutely *contra mundum*. □

SPECTATOR'S JOURNAL

REMEMBERING LUIGI BARZINI

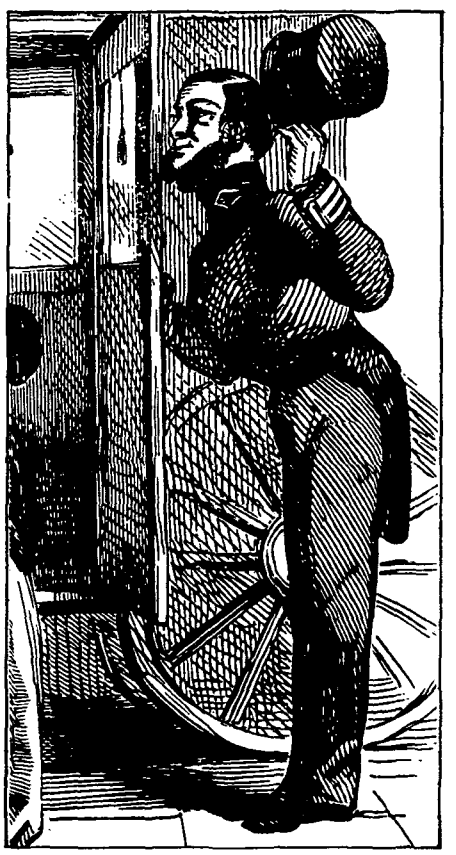
by Manfredi Piccolomini

In 1977, when the body of Italian politician Aldo Moro was found several weeks after his abduction by the Red Brigades, the world received the news with bewilderment and grief. As an Italian living in America, I listened eagerly to the radio for further word of the crime. When it came, it came via a phone interview with Luigi Barzini in Rome. I will never forget his interpretation of what happened: He was full of deep pessimism; as he spoke his voice was breaking.

This mood was in sharp contrast to Barzini's proverbial good humor and optimism. Throughout his life he pursued the good life with the same ardor he pursued excellence in his profession. Everyone close to him remembers his impeccable clothes, the London-tailored riding outfits, his love of good food. In New York he could often be seen in the best restaurants, but only to watch the beautiful people—especially the well-dressed American women he liked so well—for he could not stand the "phony" Italian food he had to eat in America. In Rome, of course, the story was different. He enjoyed most of all the meals prepared for him by his Senegalese cook, who had been trained, paradoxically, by his American friend Vivi Crespi. One evening a year ago this month, he asked for a *souffle au fromage* but ate very little of it. He did find the strength, though, to remark that it was superb. It was his last meal, the last in a long series of superb meals.

But his commentary on the Moro tragedy was the product of the other Barzini, the political realist; it was the philosophical reaction of a man convinced that Italian history was destined to repeat itself forever, and that the Red Brigades were just another, more modern version of the many "families," "groups," "parties," and "mafias" that have frustrated any enlightened attempt to achieve an effective national government. Despite all his famous observations on the histrionic nature of the Italian character, Barzini did not regard the Moro affair simply as a hide-and-seek comedy played by the Red Brigades to spite the government and win the applause of the masses. For him the murder went beyond even the recurrent pattern of absurdity in Italian history. Rather he saw the incident as the fulfillment of Italian destiny. On the radio he spoke apocalyptically, foreseeing the end of what was left of Italian civilization, the Italians to be scattered around the world, contributing, like the Jews in the past, to the greatness of other civilizations, but having no hope for their own.

Of course many other Italian intellectuals privately expressed the same views in those days, but none dared to make them public. As Barzini had perceived more than ten years before, truth in Italy has few followers: It is to be embellished, covered with baroque and obscure metaphors. Indeed it was the heyday of terrorism that brought about one of the great Italian *con garbo* political transformations that Barzini had so cleverly described. The leftist intellectuals started trying to free themselves from the public's equation of Marxist theory with terrorist action. They suddenly became *efficientisti*—in favor of efficiency—which was in those days an implicit way of saying pro-American. They explained the evolution by saying that bringing efficiency to Italy was in itself a form of revolution. They did not openly become pro-American—that would have been impossible. They simply started coming to the United States in search of freedom from past allegiances and possibly better paying "intellectual" jobs. They quarrelled with U.S. Consuls in Italy who denied them visas because of their Communist pasts, and complained that what one has been is not what one is, and that anyhow one's political ties are *una questione privata*, a private matter.



All of this of course is *The Italians* come true. It is now well known that in Italy and possibly in other European countries the greatest admirers of the U.S. are the leftist and Communist intellectuals, the same ones who in the classroom and in their articles speak of America as the great imperialist and capitalist beast. Very often this closet pro-Americanism and overt anti-Americanism are two sides of the same coin and two souls of the same person. It is a comfortable, albeit cynical, way of keeping things as they are at home, while at the same time leaving the door open to new experiences in the country which the Europeans have reluctantly come to recognize as the world's cultural center.

The outspoken Barzini was a far more popular writer in the United States than in Italy. *The Italians*, his most popular book, was bitterly attacked from many sides in his homeland. Professional historians and sociologists said it was not sufficiently academic or scholarly—an easy accusation to make in a country where scholarship is too often synonymous with obfuscation. General readers claimed they disliked it because it was an *americanata*, something derived and concocted from the most basic American ingredients, simply as a lure to the consumer. In other words, a book written only to fatten the pocketbook. In fact the reasons for the negative reaction are quite different and can be summed up in the old Latin saying, *Nemo propheta in patria*, no one is a prophet in his own country. Unpleasant truth is not soothing to the ear. Illusion takes its place. Barzini's poignant analysis of the many defects of the Italian character and its refusal to confront national problems—choosing instead to take the easy way around them—was too harsh for Italians to accept.

Why shouldn't it have been? After all, despite its shortcomings and national tragedies, life in Italy is still very pleasant. The country still attracts visitors from all over the world and some of them, as Barzini himself pointed out, fall in love with its mysterious charm and never leave. The "Italophile" has grown out of its romantic connotations to become, like the "Anglophile," an embodiment of modern man's love for identifying with ancient and established images. A Gucci purse or an Armani suit do not only define status; they also attest to a way of life supposedly more relaxed and civilized. Doctors and dieticians are discovering that the "Mediterranean diet," composed mainly of pasta and vegetables, with little red meat and few desserts, is not only the food of a poor people, but tastier and better for one's health. Wine, especially the light Italian

Manfredi Piccolomini is assistant professor of Italian at Lehman College of the City University of New York.

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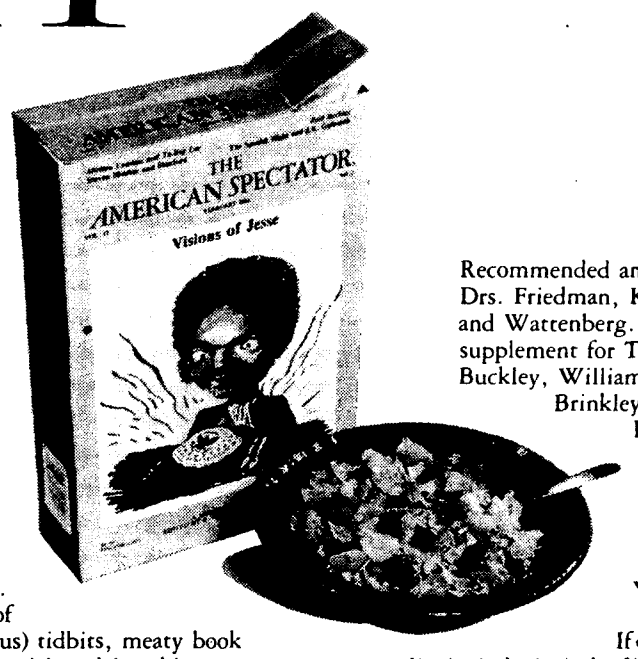
wine of the north, is quickly supplanting gin and whiskey at the happy hour and at the dinner table.

Italian businessmen are enjoying the benefits deriving from this improved image of the country. Exports are increasing; in fact, the economy has become totally dependent on them. The problems are there, but the easy way around them is there also, maybe more than ever. In such an atmosphere, then, why expose Italian weaknesses to the foreigner, as Barzini did, if the foreigner is also a tourist and a buyer, someone whose hard currency is badly needed? There is no room for indignation and self-analysis in modern Italy. There has been none since the end of the Renaissance, when the Italians gave up the hope of achieving national greatness.

Indignation is an aristocratic luxury. It is considered in Italy the attitude of old-fashioned conservatives who refuse to learn *l'arte dell'arrangiarsi*, the art of getting by. Barzini's indignation was similar to that of another great Italian, the Florentine Renaissance historian Francesco Guicciardini, whom he often quoted. In his monumental *History of Italy*, the first major historical work of modern times, Guicciardini indignantly deplored the stupidity of Italian politics at the beginning of the sixteenth century. He decried the constant infighting among the small Italian principalities while new and powerful nations were preparing to take over the country and deprive it of its liberties. With a view of human affairs reminiscent of Tacitus, Guicciardini attributed the historical events he witnessed to the very character, the inclination and disposition, of his people. He saw no hope for solution, no opportunity for betterment. He was the first one to formulate the widely accepted idea that the Italians would be the principal victims of their complacency, of their unwillingness to fight for their freedom. They would be made subjects of stronger foreign powers, and only the appearances of past greatness, self-satisfying as they might be, would remain. "Each people has the government it deserves" is at the core of Guicciardini's, as well as Barzini's, message to posterity.

Shortly after Barzini's death, at a meeting of Midge Decter's Committee for the Free World, the four hundred in attendance—among them Sidney Hook, Vladimir Bukovsky, and Norman Podhoretz—observed a moment of silence in memory of Raymond Aron and Luigi Barzini. This fact in itself should be enough of a prediction of what Barzini's legacy will be. Not a political scientist like Aron, he was nevertheless one of the most acute observers of the political events of his time. With his intelligence, intuition, humor, and, most of all, with his disenchanted view of human nature, he was able not only to analyze but to predict. Himself an Italian who had grown up in the United States, a country he admired more than his own, and loved as much, he wanted his writings to serve as an admonition, and not a belated one like Guicciardini's. An enlightened conservative, a believer in the forces of reason, progress, and civilization, he refused to accept the romantic idea that man does not learn from the past. His writings on Italy, his descriptions of its many weaknesses and defects, are to be read as a prophetic indication of what lies in store for all nations that fail to live up to their traditions and their past. National pride is not chauvinism when a people enjoys civility, freedom, prosperity, and the opportunity for self-fulfillment. Power and strength, and the resolve to use them when the national integrity is threatened, are not simply the traits of imperialism. Indeed, as Barzini knew, they are the only ways a country can preserve its liberties and control its future, once other means have failed. □

Cerebral supplement.



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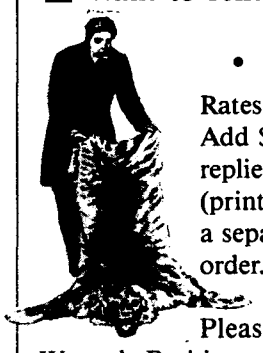

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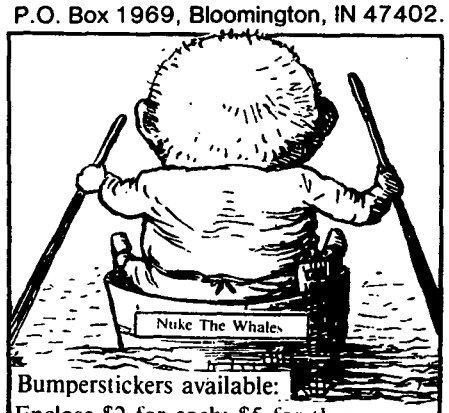

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(continued from page 2)

identify; and it is far more difficult for the injured consumers and exporters to organize to protect themselves against protection.

Thus, unless we take a principled position for free trade against protection, we will be at the mercy of every special interest group that can come along with a plausible case for the expediency of protection.

As for the dangers to our economy from our current trade deficit, I believe the words of Adam Smith ought to carry a little more weight with conservatives than those of Anthony Harrigan, or even Benjamin Disraeli:

> There is no commercial country in Europe of which the approaching ruin has not frequently been foretold by the pretended doctors of this system, from an unfavorable balance of trade. After all the anxiety, however, which they have excited about this, after all the vain attempts of almost all trading nations to turn that balance in their own favor, it does not appear that any one nation in Europe has been in any respect impoverished by this cause. Every town and country, on the contrary, in proportion as they have opened their ports to all nations; instead of being ruined by this free trade, as the principles of the commercial system would lead us to expect, have been enriched by it.

—William M.H. Hammett
President, Manhattan Institute
for Policy Research
New York, New York

Just a note of congratulations on your decision to carry Anthony Harrigan's essay recounting the costs associated with the current conservative enthusiasm for free trade in an unfree world. I suppose I am one of those "old liberals" you are hoping to attract to the new political culture. Certainly there is much that needs to be reconsidered by traditional liberals, but I can't escape a sense of alarm at the ritual incantation of "free enterprise, free markets, free men" as the magical remedy for every economic and social evil.

Our foreign competitors are rapidly segmenting the American marketplace with a "liberal" reliance on internal economic subsidies to favored industries. No amount of cheering from starboard will make this fair for American entrepreneurs or their former employees. Neither are the corporate socialists of the Fortune 500 interested in the issue of fairness. For them competition is merely a transitional phase between economic chaos and monopoly.

The future can be threatened by greed as much as it can by the coercive utopians so feared on your pages. Nonetheless, I greet each new issue with anticipation. Everyone who sounds the alarm serves the public good. Keep it up. *—Miller Hudson*
Chairman, Denver Democrats
Denver, Colorado

Anthony Harrigan replies:
The spate of letters criticizing "Free Trade's Costs" reveals the range of arguments and emotional reactions involved in the opposition to reform of our nation's trade policies. The emotional component in several of the letters makes it very clear why overhaul of these policies is so difficult. Mr. Bill Anderson refers to my "tirade" and my "economic sins." This is a characteristic response from a free trade dogmatist. It clearly disturbs him that a view contrary to his own is presented to the public. If he doesn't believe the United States is awash in imported goods, what does he make of the $123 billion trade deficit for 1984? He very conveniently fails to mention it. Dr. Louis C. Gasper accuses me of an "outburst" which he says "is painful to witness." Perhaps it's painful to confront economic reality. However, Dr. Gasper isn't as much a purist as the other respondents. He admits that "it is possible that some short-term disruptions from imports are worth tempering." That admission may bring down on him the fury of free trade dogmatists, who admit of no possibility of "protection" under any circumstance. William M.H. Hammett undoubtedly fits that description. His letter reveals the strongest emotional animus; he describes my article as a "diatribe." Indeed his letter is the most revealing of all. It doesn't contain any factual material but complains because I quoted Disraeli (not a libertarian?). Then he quotes "scripture"—Adam Smith—at length as though that were sufficient to overcome my arguments. It's fascinating, albeit sad, that these commentators completely ignore the U.S. economic facts of life—the colossal trade deficit and the loss of jobs and profits. They prefer textbook theories to objective facts. In the fact department, I call to your readers' attention the following statement by E.G. Jefferson, Chairman of the DuPont Co. (published in the *Wall Street Journal* this past February): "The strength of our economy is being impaired as imports displace domestic production. U.S. jobs lost to imports during the past few years now number around two million." I suppose Mr. Hammett would like to quote Adam Smith, chapter and verse, to Mr. Jefferson.

Let's hope the U.S. Congress listens to the Jeffersons, not the theorists. □

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CURRENT WISDOM

Santa Cruz Sentinel

Another enlightened progressive dares to make a stand:

As the evidence keeps mounting that the horrible disease of AIDs was intentionally created as a form of germ warfare, my anger also mounts. If indeed this proves to be the case, how short-sighted to think that this disease, introduced to specific populations deemed undesirable by the insane perpetrators, would remain within that population forever. Have these creators of death never known or just forgotten that we're all really one?

I propose that if AIDs was created intentionally, those responsible should be held liable and tried for the heinous crimes they have committed. I also propose that government research for a cure for this disease be stepped up. I encourage anyone who like myself resents having their morals dictated to them due to fear of serious health repercussions to look into this matter in more depth.

—*Roberta Labovitz*
Santa Cruz
[January 9, 1985]

New York Times

The celebrated Mr. John Bateson takes leave of polite society to lay down a nostrum that is the result of years of experiment in many of the best restaurants in greater Berkeley:

The now-familiar pictures of starving children in Ethiopia are heart-wrenching, but feeling sad or guilty isn't enough. Grief produces apathy; we send a check, the pictures disappear from newspapers and television screens, and soon we forget that millions are starving to death. Instead, we should feel outraged that in a world of plenty, hunger still exists. Outrage produces action. Until we are outraged by what we see and hear rather than merely saddened, hunger will continue.

—John Bateson
Berkeley, Calif., Jan. 27, 1985
The writer is assistant director of the Community Food Coalition, a nonprofit food bank and United Way agency.
[February 21, 1985]

Washington Post

A local Socrates laments the rise of Neo-Babbittry and delineates briefly how a country can be saved by ten years of dope and venereal disease:

My reaction to the people portrayed in "Young and Restless on the Right" [Style, Jan. 25] was so strong as to make me physically ill. Such is the superficiality of this "movement" that people are judged on the quality of their possessions rather than on the quality of their thought. So myopic are these people in their "moral" values that the only problem that they see with outlawing premarital sex is "an enforcement problem."

When I taught undergraduates such as these a few years ago, I was appalled by the lack of depth evident in their thought. The most probing question I ever received from the likes of these "bright young people" was, "Is it going to be on the test?" In their rush for "success," do such people ever stop to probe the social or moral implications of their behavior or the shallowness of their I'm-out-to-get-mine attitude?

What they fail to see in their rejection of the values of the '60s is that the '60s were a reaction necessary to save the country from such unenlightened self-interest run amok.

—*Richard B. Carter*
Washington
[January 31, 1985]

The Nation

Once again, the late Adolph Hitler's colleagues and our President's receive low marks from Dr. Alexander Cockburn, the celebrated historian:

You have to go back to the Nazis to find expressions of thuggish intent so laced with ignorance and mendacity as those made by Reagan and George Shultz in recent days. And the press is utterly complicit and utterly cowed.

[March 9, 1985]

The Nation (still)

. . . but Dr. Cockburn always has a good word for Uncle Joe, whom so many of the bourgeoisie have so obdurately misunderstood:

On *NBC Nightly News* for February 4, Tom Brokaw announced that in the view of "critics," the agreement at Yalta was a "brutal division that gave Joseph Stalin and the Russians an advantage they could never have won on their own." That was an odd way of putting it. The truth is that the Russians had fought the Germans back through Eastern Europe and thus had won an advantage entirely on their own.

[March 9, 1985, still]

Family Weekly

Rich, gorgeous prose from a leading journal of the New Intelligentsia:

Some of us will turn 50 on this phantom 50th birthday of the King of Rock 'n' Roll. Most of us who remember him are over 30. We get notions the old times were better times, less complex, like Elvis himself, who helped to make them that way. Yet what remains, beyond compromise or the distortions of recollecting, is the honest, endearing, authentic music of the man, and the gratefulness with which we greeted it. Elvis Presley could sing; could he ever sing. In times when the human spirit seemed lost in speech and concept, times of silence despite the sounds, he taught us how to sing again, to love the song. For this we've missed him, miss him still.

[January 13, 1985]

The Humanist

A review of another modern masterpiece exposing with pith and poetry a 2,000-year-old cover-up:

DEAR JESUS: A FEMINIST RETRIAL OF JESUS by Pearl Ross (P.O. Box 51802, Pacific Grove, CA 93950). 51 pp., $7.00.

Was Jesus a feminist? If the question intrigues you, *Dear Jesus*, a one-act play written by Pearl Ross, will offer even more intriguing questions.

Who was Jesus? Why was he crucified? How have fundamentalist Christian theologians used Jesus to promote patriarchal societies which inhibit or prohibit equality of women, when in fact Jesus would have been a champion of today's feminist revolution?

[March/April 1985]

Village Voice

The triumphant tale of jaunty, long-striding Miss Maggi Cage, since 1971 the happy object of endless abortions and so many other interuterine conflicts:

In 1971, when Maggi Cage was a sophomore at the Stevens Point branch of the University of Wisconsin, she told her high school sweetheart that she was pregnant. "The first thing he said was, 'My father is going to kill me,' and then, 'It's your problem, get rid of it,'" recollected Maggi, a long-striding, jaunty blonde, as she was settling in for the first night of the NOW vigil at her clinic. She was one of the lucky few; her illegal abortion took place in the clean, pleasant office of a Madison doctor. "It was the turning point in my life. The abortion was the first time I'd empowered myself, and I liked it so much, I've been doing it ever since."

[February 12, 1985]

San Francisco Chronicle

A Solomonic decision in Gomorrah as reported by the enlightened *Chronicle* of that same great city:

The city's health director has the final word in deciding which sexual practices will be permitted in gay bathhouses, a San Francisco judge ruled yesterday.

In clarifying an earlier order restricting sex at gay bathhouses and private clubs as a means of slowing the spread of AIDS, San Francisco Superior Court Judge Roy Wonder yesterday charged the San Francisco Aids Foundation and the city's health director with the task of defining "safe sex."

[December 21, 1984]

Ann Arbor News

More bosh from the Paleolithic 1960s:

A professor at a university where "ugly" contests draw more attention than social and political events says he sees a "new emptiness" in today's students that makes them ripe for fascism.

"There's been a tremendous change" since the anti-Vietnam War days of draft card-burning and sit-ins," said Harvey Holtz, chairman of the sociology and anthropology department at Indiana University of Pennsylvania. . . .

"I see the students as really ripe for fascism," said Holtz. "How quickly the people turned on the Iranians, who had been friends of the United States under the shah. They are easily turned and don't have a lot of depth. . . .

Holtz, 36, who was at the University of California at Berkeley in 1969, said he saw a Ronald Reagan rally on a recent visit to his old campus that 15 years ago was teeming with radicals.

"I'm scared," Holtz said. "I kind of go into class and basically can't believe what these students believe."

[October 22, 1984]

The Humanist

Bugged by the Administration's mysterious plan to withdraw U.S. support of the International Planned Parenthood Federation (IPPF), a resident sage at the *Humanist* stumbles upon an intrigue of Machiavellian intricacy and devilishness:

The IPPF funding cutoff, along with President Reagan's strong advocacy of federal aid for parochial schools and his precedent-setting establishment of full diplomatic relations with the headquarters of the Catholic Church (not with the sovereign Vatican City microstate), make it clear that Reagan is eager to sell out his country's religious liberty guarantees and national interest to an ambitious clerical autocrat.

[March/April 1985]

Village Voice

An eminent remover of bed pans and practitioner of other advanced medical operations proves irrefragably and seductively that Stalin was a real sweetheart:

Stern made his point with some accuracy, but he left out one part of the story that has some relevance. There *was* one country—the Soviet Union—which correctly sensed the horror of the Holocaust, and did not hesitate to act. Historians have recounted the efforts by the Soviet government to protect their Jewish citizens as the Nazi armies swept across Russia. The Soviet government took the time and mechanics to relocate such peoples into less-exposed areas. This is only one example from history that seems to dispel the myth of Soviet anti-Semitism.

—Don Sloan, MD
East 73rd Street
[January 8, 1985]

Washington Post

The Reaganite *Post* of Washington gets a condign scolding:

Am I the only American who is distressed at the constant unchallenged references in The Post and other newspapers to the "failed Carter administration"? I just wish we could have a few more failures of that kind.

[September 15, 1984]

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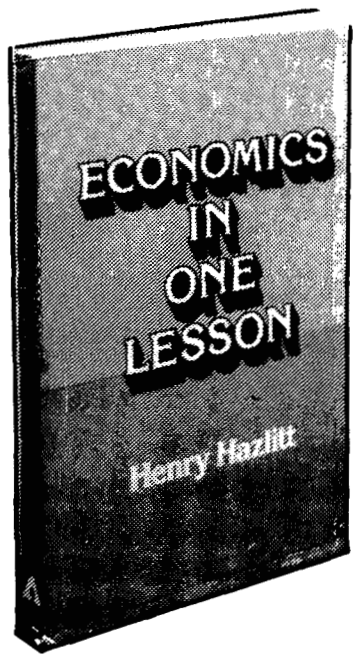

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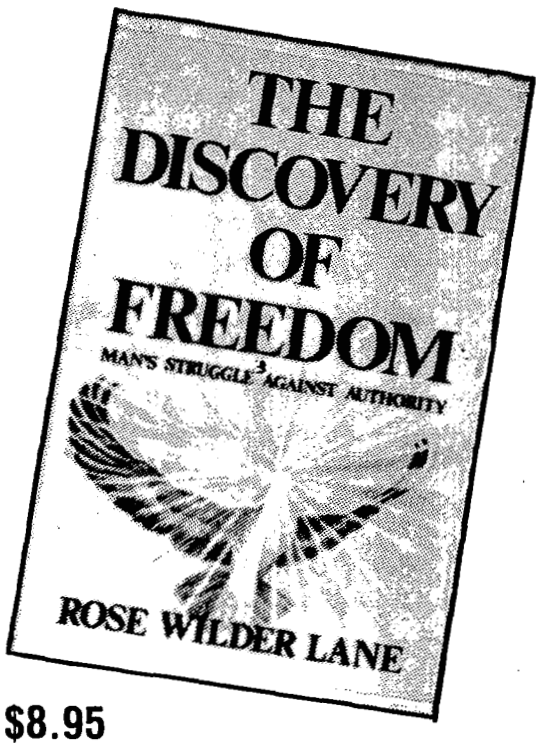

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